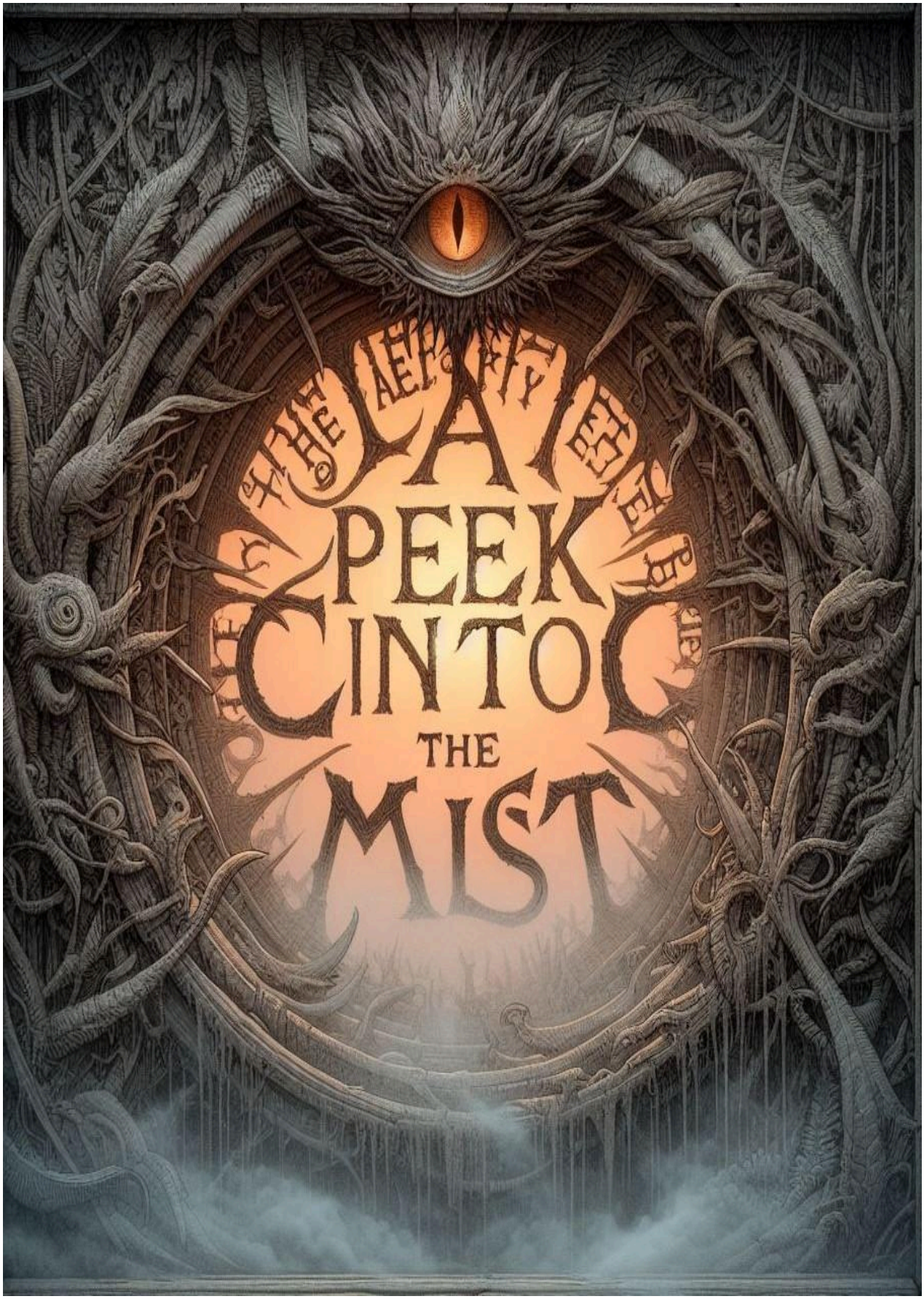
A PEEK INTO THE MIST

H.L. Dowless

Cast of Characters

Minister of Marriage
Ananias Dare
Eleanor White
Sir Francis Drake
George Dier
Tomycin Cooper White
John Berges White
Isabelle Frobisher
Martin Frobisher
The Congregation
Aurther Barlow
Simon Fernando
Philip Amadas
Head poetess
Scipio
1st Pikeman
2nd Pikeman
3rd Pikeman
Colonial swordsman
Door guard
Escort
Virginia Dare
Gabriel Harvey
Marjorie Harvey
Virginia Sorceress
Ring bearer
John white
John Rolfe
Christopher Cooper

Act One

Scene One

St. Bride's Church,
Fleet Street, London, England

Wedding ceremony
Large congregation

Enter Minister of Matrimony, Ananias Dare, Eleanor White

Minister of Matrimony: Dearly beloved, do ye, Elanor White, take this man, Ananias Dare, to be thy lawful wedded husband?

Eleanor White: I do.

Minister of Matrimony: And Elanor White, shall ye forsake all others, clinging only unto him, being totally submissive, obedient as a good wife should always be, placing his concerns and the concerns of thy future family above all others including those of thine own, for all time thus forward, for as long as ye twain shall live?

Elanor White: (*gazes into Ananias Dare's eyes, smiles*) I do

Minister of Matrimony: And do thee, Ananias Dare, take this woman, Elanor White, to be thy lawfully wedded wife, to cherish above all others, in sickness and in health, being always obedient to her each and every need, preferring the good of her and thy future family, above any and every concern of thine own?

Ananias Dare: (*gazes into Elanor's blinking eyes, smiles*) I do

Minister of Matrimony: And Elanor White, doest thou take this man, Ananias Dare, to have and to hold from this day forward, for richer or poorer, for fair or fouler, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us depart, according to God's Holy Ordinance; with this congregation as thy mortal witness who shall stand in condemnation should the need so-arise?

Elanor White: (*gazing into the eyes of Ananias, smiling, blinking*) I do

Minister of Marriage: And Ananias Dare, do ye take this woman, Elanor White, to have and to hold from this day forward, for richer or poorer, for fair or fouler, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us depart, according to God's Holy Ordinance; with this congregation as thy mortal witness, who shall stand in condemnation should the need so-arise?

Ananias Dare: (*smiles, gazes into Elanor's eyes*) I do

Minister of Marriage: (*nods toward the ring bearer*)

Ring Bearer: (*carries a golden band upon a white pillow of satin, walks, pausing before Ananias)*

Minister of Marriage: You may place the ring upon Elanor's finger.

Ananias Dare: (*places the ring on Elanor's left third finger from her index*)

Minister of Marriage: (*Opens the bible, gazes down*) Therefore a man shall leave his father and his mother and hold fast to his wife, and the two shall become one flesh, thus saith the holy scriptures. *(rases head, gazes toward the congregation)* The spring has its birds as we have recently witnessed. Let there be nests, beautiful speckled eggs, and little birds to come. The

livestock pairs and young emerge and fruit trees bear fruit.

All is well in the end with the earth and movement of nature, when it is lent into the hand of God Almighty. How much more so then, should it be with men and womankind? *(pauses, gazes out, smiles*) Does any person among the congregation have any reason to make known, that this man and woman should not be married?

Congregation: *Silence, pause.*

Minister of Marriage: Very well then. I present before you on this day of June, 1583, Mr. and Mrs. Adonias Dare.

Congregation: (*claps*) Blessed! Blessed. Long life and large brood!

The couple: *together bow.*

Minister of Marriage: Mr. Ananias Dare, ye may kiss the bride.

Ananias Dare: (*Smiles, Lifts veil covering bride's face)*

The couple: *embrace and kiss before the congregation.*

The congregation: *(claps)*

Minister of Marriage: My dear couple, bound in sacred matrimony before thy brethren throughout the community in which ye both call home, and the very face of God Almighty himself, go now in peace and life-long serenity. Know henceforth that like birth, and might I dare say, death itself, today's bond is simply a beginning in a new secular journey into the unknown, not any sort of conclusive end. Take pleasure in the gratifications given freely from one unto the other.

Withhold not, might I say. Face the day before thee with personal conviction and feel free to voice thy consternation, yet see them all through in newly found determination, as the will of God Almighty wouldst have. In thy lack of forbearance from one another, most assuredly new life shall spring forth, and may it then certainly be said, the flesh of two hath become one.

(*pauses, raises up both hands)*

And now shall God Almighty bless them, and say unto them, be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the good earth and subdue it. Have ye dominion o'er the fish of the sea, o'er the fowl of the air, and o'er every living thing that moveth upon the earth. In our own day the addition must be made for us to carry the message of goodliness unto the Godless and the heathen, that the will of God might be enduring and everlasting in his blessing.

The marching Bride is played by the pipe-organ as the couple exits. They both pass underneath raised arms and enjoined hands of the congregation. Oats are tossed as they make their way out the door. They both walk arm in arm toward the ceremonial building behind the main cathedral.

Enter Sir Frances Drake, George Dier, John White

Sir Frances Drake: *(as the couple walks by)* The ceremony was beautiful! May the blessings be as well.

George Dier: (*as the couple walks by*) See ye back in the yard later. *(exits*)

John White: *(as the couple walks by)* My Boy, ye 've done well for thyself! Cheers!

Tomasyn Cooper White: (*as the couple walks by*) Hang on to her tightly, boy, care

for her well!

At the door of ceremonial building

John Burges White: I see ye 've finally gone and done it. It took so long, did it not?

Ananias Dare: A working man is always busy at work, my dear brother.

John Burges White: Awe, but ye had time to play on at least one day. I mean, behold what ye managed to catch!

Ananias Dare: I must agree, (*smiles*) certainly she was the best for me.

John Burges White: One cannot deny how much we all love ye both. Observe the four lavish honey pie cakes, the walls trimmed in elegant tulips and daisies, not to mention the literal beds of splendid carnations and blood red roses covering walls, door frames, tables, and the like. Would we not go to such trouble on ye behalf, my dearest fellow, if indeed it were not so?

Ananias Dare: (*smiles*) And the wine, man, let us not forget, cheers! (*hoists a full goblet)*

Eleanor Dare: At this point, that's what I have to say about it. Cheers to all and to all a fine night!

John Berges White: (*holds the goblet in his right hand high, smiles*) Examine the five fine suited dandies entering the room, will ye? I suppose there's soon time for an orchestra performance, and a bit of dance, eh?

Eleanor Dare: (*nods her head, smiles*) I have no doubt where they were selected from amongst the best.

Ananias Dare: (*smiles)* Me thinks I'm in the mood for some dance, eh?

Eleanor Dare: (*smiles*) Toss me in with ye. The alluring rhythm moves me right!

Ananias Dare: So tell us brother John, where-be thy-catch for the day, and might I say, the forthcoming night?

John Berges White: *(hoists his right hand goblet, smiles)* Maybe round the corner and beyond the crowd yonder, eh? Wouldst thou think not? *(laughs)*

Elenaor, Annias, John, George Dier, and others enter the dance floor. Male and female pair up as the ballroom music spins.

Isobel Richard Frobisher: This fine music and good step shall be enough to set the blood to spin. What thinks ye?

Eleanor Dare: I must tiptoe, I presume, *(laughing*) careful, not to spend myself up in too many elegant whirls.

Isobel Richard Frobisher: (*chuckles)* What's the treat afterwards?

Eleanor Dare: I'm not clear since Annanias loves surprises. He mentioned securing permission and hiring a buggy to spend the evening in and about the heath at Hampstead.

Isobel Richard Frobisher: (*smiles)* The heath is certainly at its best around this time O' the year.

Eleanor Dare: And it truly is such a pretty day! Think it so, dear Isobel?

Isobel Richard Frobisher: *(smiles, chuckles)* Aye deary, and pretty days lend into better nights, so it has long been said.

Eleanor Dare: By the mistletoe it certainly shall be.

Isobel Richard Frobisher: (*dancing, gazing around*) Aye, (*smiles*) the arches o'er my head and the doorposts clothed in such, shall certainly see to it. *(smiles, lifts crystal filled with wine to her mouth, nods)* And the evening quarters?

Eleanor Dare: Maybe a new place soon to be named The Spaniard's Inn. Some friend of Anananias told him all about it.

Isobel Richard Frobisher: (*smiling)* If such be not to your liking there's always The Golden Cross.

Eleanor Dare: (*smiling, shrugs*) The nest at the moment, doesn't exactly dominate my mind.

Isobel Richard Frobisher: No doubt, like the hungry lioness in Daniel Dogood's dismal den, the grandest slice of meat Most certainly does. *(pauses, smiles, cheers*) Well the music has stopped suddenly. It must be time for the Loca-Hora.

The men exit momentarily
Lights darken

The rear gathering room

Martin Frobisher: Annanias, I'm glad you didn't ignore our age old wedding custom of meeting with the groom before the grand finale'.

Ananias Dare: I've shook the hands today of those I haven't laid eyes on in fifteen Years.

John White: How goes the tile and brick laying business?

Ananias Dare: *(nods his head)* It's building up. I hired four Irish brick masons not long ago. We held at least that many raw contracts.

John White: I notice a potential for expansion.

Ananias Dare: I wish it was quicker from idea, to negotiation, to profit. (*sighs*) Seems like eternity before I reach a climax. When it finally does occur, I ‘m not always content with it. I have the sensation that twice to three times the labor exits out, than the return on my efforts I-receive.

John White: I share your conviction, Ananias. Martin may be on the way toward alleviating these concerns for both of us.

Ananias Dare: (*smiles, gasps, nods*) Aye, I’ve heard, round and about, concerning the adventures of Frobisher.

John White: Look, the good queen has recently named our foreign lands Meta Incognita. Her faith in our territorial potential is unwavering, to say the least. She resolved to send out the largest expedition yet, with all accommodations necessary for establishing a colony of one hundred skilled and capable men. She has presented the golden chain of exhalation ‘round the neck of none other than Martin Frobosher himself.

Ananias Dare: Was this the first time he gained the good queen’s favor?

John White: One of many, but I can see ye are not grasping the true significance of this embrace, my lad. This signal from the good queen launched fifteen vessels. There were over four hundred men aboard these ships. These men consisted of one hundred forty seven miners, four blacksmiths, and five assayers.

Ananias Dare: What’s the significance in this venture? What value derives from it?

John White: A portion of the tract was explored. Natives in the place were encountered. Records of the land and the people were made, including watercolor drawings. And a grand portion of ore was extracted, then transported back to port herein.

Ananias Dare: What became of the colony? Was gold discovered?

John White: Aw, some gold, (s*hrugs)* though very little. The colonial effort failed to secure.

Ananias Dare: So what's on the limb now?

John White: Martin has met recently with Walter Raleigh. Raleigh knows of a charter being conceived by the good queen and her parliament, to explore the new lands of a land tract she has named Virginia. Do ye realize the significance in this, son?

Ananias Dare: (*sighs*) This sounds interesting, but what of it?

John White: If this charter is born, and it will be, Raleigh has already made his bid to secure it. He needs an exploratory commission. I have agreed to assist him in that venture.

Ananias Dare: In what way?

John White: I 'm the record keeper. I record the accounts in pictures. Look, as I am doing so now at this wedding. (*points toward a tripod with a canvas*) I will engage in scientific analysis of elemental minerals and whate'er yet to be known accouterments might be overturned.

Ananias Dare: (*sighs, shrugs*) But the gambles of Frobisher have yet to net true wealth or even honest success, for that matter.

John White: There's more. Frobisher has met with Francis Drake. The French and

the Spanish are up to no good. Have ye heard of the Spanish discoveries and adventures in the Americas?

Ananias Dare: *(sighs)* I have little time for pondering or investigating. I am a working man, Senior White.

John White: Tons of gold in untold ship loads are emerging from the southern sectors of these Spanish land claims. The Spanish call their northern territory La Florida. The capitol of La Florida is a fortress settlement Known as Santa Elena. Gold laden Spanish ships move back and forth from the most southern portion of Spanish Territory to Santa Elena! Drake and Frobisher are keen on this understanding.

Ananias Dare: It all might as well be wealth on the moon, at this point.

John White: Once this charter is born, the back door plan betwixt Raleigh, Drake, Frobisher, and myself, is to secure a fortress settlement of our own slightly northward of Santa Elena. We'll need craftsmen, skilled service providers, and working men like thyself. We'll net the colony's wealth by raiding the Spanish gold ships from Santa Elena southward, since we are now at war with them. I'll possess a very high position of authority in this new colony. We could place extra portions of this gold up for a purpose of lending it out at interest, and taking land, gold, and gems as collateral on the loans.

Ananias Dare: (*sighs, drops his head*) It's sure slow going like I am. Things are OK, but not like I wish they were.

John White: I agree with Frobisher and Drake. It all boils down to chance or neverending lifelong toil. Are ye in with us when the time arrives?

Ananias Dare: *(sighs, drops his head*) Allow us to see what time bears forth. We'll take it from there.

Stage lights dim

Ananias Dare, John White, Martin Frobisher, exit

Back in the main room

Patrons dressed as ghosts, goblins, walking on stilts, run to and fro through the gathering crowd. Music plays fast catchy tunes, glasses are filled with wine, masked women grab the men, everybody dances.

Ananias Dare: Make the best of our moment. Life is to be enjoyed today.

Eleanor Dare: I'll second that.

Francis Drake: Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Isobel Frobisher: Our gain is now, on this moment!

Stage lights Dim. All performers exit

Scene 2

Blackwall Harbor
Walter Raleigh's House

Seated in the din by the hearth side

April first 1584

Enter Martin Frobisher, Walter Raleigh

Martin Frobisher: (*smiling, politely nods*) Inform our company of the latest news, good sir.

Walter Raleigh: I was awarded a charter for exploration by none other than the Queen herself on March 25th. (*bows, smiles*) I am a happy man! When the doors of possibility open, certainly no limitations exist on one's opportunities for success..

Ananias Dare: (*lifts his wine glass, bows politely*) What do we presently know In regard to this place unto where the company might venture out into?

Martin Frobisher: (*smiles*) I can inform all, the land area where the company is headed is not nearly as virgin as one might assume. Sailors have long paused periodically along those same shores. I personally have heard tales of huge villages and towns. Natives have been reported to wear pearl, ruby, emerald necklaces and bracelets. Some welcome visitors, whilst others prefer to be left alone.

John White: (*tips his chalice*) No doubt, these tales are all fact, for I have heard many of the same. (*pauses*) There ‘re more positive possibilities where the company dares to venture, however. There is an herb the natives call *winauk.* It's a sweet scented herb, good for making spring tea, bearing innumerable medicinal qualities. Several years back the Spanish introduced this herb and its benefits to English shores indirectly. It was readily received by the English, but at exorbitant prices, nonetheless. There lies a potential fortune waiting to be harvested in this fact alone, when we possess inexhaustible resources of it, for us to trade at prices the common lot of citizenry may easily access.

Walter Raleigh: (r*aises eyebrows, pauses*) Sounds very plausible. I readily recall the time, the herb, and its head spinning prices.

Martin Frobisher: There are more possibilities here at stake. Sailors tell me of an herb smoked in a pipe the natives call a Calabash. This herb lifts one's spirits from the gloom, gives great strength when one's body ebbs low, clears the mind and the lungs for much better daily function.

The Spanish second these reports. They go on to say where some natives process the leaves in dry golden form, sweeten them with honey, then roll them, placing the roll beneath their lower lips, granting them the same positive benefits without all the smoke. They allow their mouths to fill up with the juice therefrom, never swallowing, only spitting the black juice occasionally to empty their mouths.

Walter Raleigh: I want to make a proposal, White. We're getting materials and people together. I'm thinking our colony will be a military venture initially. We need record keepers and assistants of experience and character. I'm offering a complete share in whate'er total we manage to wrest from the land or the Spanish. My eventual plan is to elevate our person into a position of chief status as time goes on.

John White: I'm all in. What's the overall plan?

Walter Raleigh: Ye shall be right hand assistant to Sir Richard Grenvile, primarily as an artist-illustrator. Ye shall labor side by side with Thomas Harriot, who is a chief mathematician and scientist. Ye twain shall create maps of the area, whilst Thomas Harriot investigates and explores in search of products bearing potential value at harvest. Everything we do, observe, and find must be categorized as it is organized. This job I assign unto ye is of utmost importance, White, and an unavoidable necessity if the company is to be successful in our overall venture.

Ananias Dare: What be the accompanying specifics concerning the colony itself?

Walter Raleigh: I'm still in-waiting. We're exploring the chartered territory first before we even contemplate settlement. Based on our discoveries and future revelations we may then appropriately plan a colony with a likelihood of surviving.

Ananias Dare: (*chuckles, eases back into his seat*) So tell us, Mr. Raleigh, how ye acquired this charter. Did the good Queen hand it to ye outright?

Walter Raleigh: My half-brother, Sir Humphery Gilbert was actually granted the charter outright back in '78. He was awarded this for assisting in crushing the rebellion of Munster province earlier during the '70s. Gilbert wasn't clear on the terms of the charter, yet he clearly understood them as granting him rights to the territory north of La Florida.

Ananias Dare: *(clears his throat)* Where did thy account enter into this picture?

Walter Raleigh: Did ye not hear of it?

Ananias Dare: This moment is my first account.

Walter Raleigh: Humphery Gilbert sailed to formally claim John Cabot's tract for the crown and colonize it. On the way back, he vanished at sea in '83, ne'er to be heard from again. So the charter was divided recently between Adrian Gilbert, and myself. Adrian received access to the lands of John Cabot, and those to the north, and mine were those south, north of La Florida.

Ananias Dare: I'm sad for thy brother, but the good found in his misfortune is certainly to thy sweet award. (*smiles, chuckles*) Certainly his wishes for any future adventure would have been no less than what hath occurred. Bravo!

Walter Raleigh: *(clears throat, strains his words*) Nothing comes without stipulations, mind thy manner. .

Martin Frobisher: (*smiles, chuckles slightly)* My interest here has most surely perked.

Walter Raleigh: I have until '91 to firmly establish a colony, else I lose my charter. Time is of an essence here, lest we all lose the opportunity to make a grand strike. We must extract all detail specifics first, then develop a solid plan of approach. The exact details specified are to discover, search, find out, and review such remote heathen and barbarous lands, counties and territories. We are in possession of granted permission to establish a base from which to send privateers on raids against Spanish treasure fleets. Of this land we are also commanded to have, hold, occupy, and Enjoy.

John White: Men, sounds like we all need to make the best of it! (*smiles broadly, hoists his chalice high)*

Martin Frobisher: I'm certainly in. *(hoists his chalice)* What about the rest of our company?

Walter Raleigh: I've already met with Philip Amadas, Simon Fernando, and Author Barlow. Amadas and Barlow are my two ship commanders, while Fernando will be assigned as pilot. John, there stands a place on board for ye and Harriot twain. We'll most definitely need a scientist for research, and a record keeper. A skilled artist is in high demand.

John White: I'm in. I must behold all of this adventure for myself.

Ananias Dare: I myself, am going to wait and see. Inform me of the detail specifics upon thy return. Gentlemen, I have a new wife to feed and care for.

I can't take any chances where potential for return can't be secured, nor one where my wife can't accompany me.

Lights Dim

Ananias Dare, John White, Martin Frobisher, Sir Walter Raleigh exit

Scene 3

Plymouth, England

April 26, 1584

Two ships are docked and being loaded

While out walking on the dock…

Enter Ananias Dare, Philip Amadas

Ananias Dare: I know today must be thy happy day, sir!

Philip Amadas: (*smiling, breathing deeply)* Certainly it is. That winning sensation hangs thickly in the air this morning.

Ananias Dare: At least ye 'rt surrounded by fine company.

Philip Amadas: Mighty fine, (*broadly smiling*) I should add to that.

Author Barlow: Beg thy pardon, good sir, (*smiles*) I shall say the best!

Ananias Dare: Should ye encounter Spanish villains along the way, then what?

Author Barlow: We have our companion of their cloth among us, generally speaking.

Ananias Dare: Not sure I have met him.

Philip Armadas: (*man passes by, grabs his arm*) Sure ye have! Allow me to introduce the one and only Simon Fernando.

Simon Fernando: (*smiles, bows*) My pleasure in this encounter, good sir. (*extends his right hand*).

Philip Armadas: (nods *toward Fernando, points toward Ananias Dare*) Behold John White's son-in-law.

Simon Fernando: Excellent, my pleasure in meeting with ye. Are ye part of our team, sir?

Ananias Dare: Not this go round. It's a wait and see game for me, but my interest is great. I'm in possession of a splendid new wife to care for.

Simon Fernando: Well, we've all had our spin at that wheel, young man. We understand. We're at a point where things are on autopilot, but I wouldn't expect ye to comprehend my words.

Ananias Dare: My father-in-law shall give me the scoop on everything. I most definitely want to be a part of this down and dirty colonial venture, to be sure, when we know the winning odds turn in our direction on the wheel of fortune, good sir..

Simon Fernando: What be thy craft?

Ananias Dare: Tiler and brick crafter. Sometimes a mason.

Simon Fernando: Most definitely a high need area, without a doubt. Art ye employed, or a man of good fortune's endeavor?

Ananias Dare: I have contracts ahead of my labor, and six masons employed. My tilery operates by its own accord. ‘Tis all a small operation, but It's up and running.

Philip Amadas: So why the thoughts of exiting out on a venture into the mysterious unknown?

Ananias Dare: *(hangs his head, sighs, picks his head back up*) It goes so slowly, and then these taxes knocking me down thirty percent or more. I fraud when I can, but any risk over twelve percent is too great, and not enough to truly make a hardline difference. I desire being where I don’t have the extra weight on my back holding me down. Why can’t we Englishmen obtain the freedom to invest in wealth producing property, ‘N ascend the ladder of wealth into a level of prosperity on par with aristocracy? All of us deserve it, if one should ask me.

Philip Amadas: I agree with such analysis. All of us here are in with this, from our own perspective, of course. We’ve all dabbled in privateering. *(smiles)* I dare say it's the quickest method for any true born Englishman to achieve financial excellence in his life. I had rather risk life and limb on the chance, than merely exist as a slave underneath some corporate or magisterial bootheel.

Simon Fernando: Not to mention the adventure to be had, no matter what the outcome.

John White: (*passes by carrying bags on board, pauses*) Hmm, I see ye ’re meeting with the crew, eh?

Ananias Dare: How now? What’s on the shake to transpire?

John White: It's a big venture. We’re filling these two ships docked here now with food and some fifty men. It's exploratory for now. (*smiles, nods*) Ye

hang on, if such is thy que. If all is a positive for moving forward, we shall and very soon. We ‘ll definitely be needing good men of thy skill and scope.

Ananias Dare: When are ye pulling out?

John White: Tomorrow morning at first sun break. We shall all bunk out on the ship overnight. When the sun breaks in the morning, these two ports shall be drawn and tightly sealed.

Ananias Dare: Well, the wife and myself shall anxiously await thy return, sir.

John White: Until then, my dear son. May God’s speed always lead the way..

Ananias Dare: And may ye and thy company be in possession of the same, father.

John White, Simon Fernando, Philip Amadas, exit up the dock and off the stage. Lights dim.

Scene 4

Morning. September 1584

Plymouth England

At the ship docking yard

Enter Ananias Dare, John White

Ananias Dare: (*smiling*) Seems like yesterday since ye exited out.

John White: *(stepping off the boarding plank*) ‘Twas most definitely a new world we visited.

Ananias Dare: *(excited*) What did ye find? I can’t wait to hear of it!

John White: We had adventures galore, my dear son!

Ananias Dare: What kind of people were the citizens of Virginia? What were they like?

Thomas Harriet: (*stepping off the plank*) We figured thyself and others would be asking such questions, so we invited two to come along with us.

Ananias Dare: Are they laborers? What be their social rank?

Thomas Harriet: Kings, and nothing less. Their people are very hospitable.

Ananias Dare: Might they be Christian, good sir?

Thomas Harriet: Hardly, anything but. However, they and their own greeted us with kindness, I must say. They do, interestingly enough, possess a practice of religion resembling Christianity somewhat.

Philip Amadas: (*stepping back from the plank*) The two kings will exit the ship in a moment.

Ananias Dare: (*gazing toward the loading and unloading plank*) What are their people called? What be their homes and villages like?

Philip Amadas: Secotan, I believe was the name. Their cabins are made of poles stuck down into the earth, with their tops bent over and tied. Over these poles are thrown and secured reed or rush mats. Their hearths are holes dug with the soil banked around it. The diameter of these cabins might be fourteen feet or more. A village might consist of twenty or more of these cabins. Each cabin has a corn field and a

vegetable garden. Around all of this is a defensive palisade.

Simon Fernando: Look quickly now. Here they come!

Wanchese: (*steps down the plank*) gazes about, speaks nothing.

Ananias Dare:*(waving*) Hello, what be thy name, sir? (*extends his right hand*)

Wanchese: (gazes, doesn't extend his hand, blank stare)

Thomas Harriet: (*focuses on Wanchese*) Kino, solo, nookum rookum?

Wanchese: (*smiles, chuckles. extends his right hand*) Grotum, been solo, pekote.

Thomas Harriet: He says a pleasure to meet you.

Ananias Dare: (*shakes the hand of Wanchese. Glances toward Harriet*) Thou hast trained in their language, I see.

Thomas Harriet: Not exactly, but I've been my own student. I've made headway in a short time period.

Author Barlowe: We made the rounds. We studied land and water. We cataloged resources.

Ananias Dare: What was the weather like?

Author Barlowe: Balmy, to say the least. The good news is that many flowers were in bloom all across the land. Nay, I should say, many fruits were in the making. Sturgeon were abundant in the waters. Oysters may simply be pulled up from the water and roasted in flames immediately, then eaten in the shell. Terrapins were large and slow moving, easy to catch. Natives simply turn them over in the edge of the coals on their hearthsides, allowing them to cook in the shell itself. I observed an abundance of handfoods

throughout the area in general. These details alone render the area fine for establishing a colony, far as I am concerned. Ole Raleigh should be quite content!

John White: Well my fine fellows. Shall we all head on to Lunnon town? We're cordially invited to Walter Raleigh's home fer a meeting and a much more detailed discussion of discoveries and future colonies in a few days, if not a fortnight. All of us have time to ponder our circumstances and future prospects. Let us all take our leave.

Simon Fernando: I believe that may be my best advice all day.

Stage lights dim

Durham House
London England
In the garden area rear of the house

Evening, September 1584

Arthur Barlow: (*Seated by the garden hearth*) It's a splendid evening. We'll soon be witness to a fine sunset.

Walter Raleigh: Aye my saucy mates, such a splendid setting for discussing personal business.

Simon Fernando: Any plans developed here on this eve' must soon be supported by decisive action.

John White: Oh, why certainly that 's the plan! (*tips back a bronze chalice filled with brandy)*

Ananias Dare: The discoveries and the formulated plan is what I enjoy best on this Occasion. Surely a man can't carry his dear wife out on a half-baked venture.

Thomas Harriat: (*pours a healthy shot of Irish Whiskey*) I should say the experience in general was far beyond one's common adventure.

John White: A month at sea, two milling around in a strange land, a month to return. Certainly enough to make for some pleasant conversation at the least.

Ananias Dare: I wish there was a window through which I could see into this land Ye company experienced.

John White: (*steps into the din. Steps back outside with large papers in hand*) Take a look. Here is the village referred to as Secotan. Observe the organization. These are the cabins *(pointing)*. This is the ceremonial bonfire gathering area. These poles with the strange faces carved into them are in the dancing area. Here, during times of ceremony, these people will gather and dance sometimes for several days and nights on end.

Walter Raleigh: (*receives a glass of whiskey*) How do they continue on in such a manner? The report seems beyond human abilities.

John White: They consume copious amounts of a black drink they call cassina. This drink allows them to accomplish such feats. It's found in the leaves of a certain type of holly all along the coastal areas. During times when they are not festive, usually in the morning, they drink only two to three cups a day of this drink, but take it every day I must Say.

Walter Raleigh: Is there value to the English in this liquor?

John White: The Spanish take it with a relish, often hanging, drying, and grinding the leaves, only then to mix it with coffee gathered in Morocco. When they can't access this mixture, they wail, whining the world will soon come to an end.

Walter Raleigh: If our market isn't in this herb, then surely it should be for the African coffee! (*tosses back a hearty shot*).

Ananias Dare: Was there more for potential exploitation?

Philip Armadas: There were fine tasting pulses, of varieties I've ne'er encountered. There were melons and interesting orange and yellow plants shaped in appearance to those African gourds we witnessed a few years ago. There was also a type of grain that grows on six feet tall stalks in ears a foot long. No other crop anywhere produces more than this, on the variety of soil. It can be ground into gruel, made into flour and bread, or baked and eaten in that form. All of these could and should be exported out for markets here in England and abroad beyond.

Martin Frobisher: Not to mention this herb the natives put into what they call a calabash and smoke, when they are not chewing it, or sniffing it up into their noses. I think one of our men has some now.

Manteo: (*seated in a chair by the outdoor table. Pulls a pipe from a leather pouch, loads it with tobacco and begins smoking it.)*

Martin Frobisher: The Arabs do a similar feat with opium. I wonder if the sensation in that herb is the same.

John White: Well let us see, and I'll be first to try. He doesn't appear incapacitated as one does on opium.

Thomas Harritet: (*turns toward Manteo)* Ting tang moolah munday.

Manteo: *(hands over the smoking pipe, smiles*) Mooka mooka nooka doo!

John White: (*receives the smoking pipe from Thomas Harriat*) Everything lies in the attempt. (*raises the pipe to his lips, puffs*) Not that bad, I must say.

It bites a bit in its own way, but not that bad. I can feel the lift I get. *(hands the pipe over Philip Amadas)*

Philip Amadas: (*takes a smoke, then tips his whiskey glass*) It goes great with my favorite shot of whiskey here. This herb appears to put more zip into my drink. *(hands the pipe over toward Ananias Dare)*

Ananias Dare: Another person may have my share of that. I must say, while this conversation is informative, and the Virginians appear benevolent and welcoming, what's the plan?

Walter Raleigh: This is the plan. First I need funding to outfit our party. The show I'm intending to make with these native kings and the report I write up on our findings should fetch enough of that. Word has already reached the ears of our dear Queen, and I've been informed of the smile on her face.

Ovation, cheers from the others

I figure when the ever anxious investors hear of the bounty this land holds, us receiving the funding shall be a given. The colony is largely going to be a military colony in the initiative. The military experience in leadership includes one of being chief Royal Household Officer in service to the crown. He'll be governor of this colony, and should fare well in possession of the title. My intended number of men to board with us on this journey is only sixty nine, but if we could fetch six hundred it would be much better for us in our colonial efforts.

Ananias Dare: What shall be the primary focus of the colony?

Walter Raleigh: For deeper exploratory missions where we shall further evaluate the natural resources in the area. As the colony establishes itself, we can also annotate and evaluate the techniques employed to stabilize the colony, against our

discoveries.

Ananias Dare: (*Pours another glass of whiskey, holds it high*) Sounds like a mission destined for success!

All present pour themselves a glass of whiskey, holding them high

In unison: To a fine life and sweet success! Everything in the venture we shall invest, cheering, triumphing, from east to west. Surely the sweet goddess, Fortuna, stands with us! We shall dominate in every situational test.

Stage lights dim.

Philip Armadas, Ananias Dare, John White, Martin Frobisher, Sir Walter Raleigh, Thomas Harris, Manteo, Author Barlowe, Simon Fernando, exit

Scene 5

January 6th, 1585
Windsor Castle, room 520

The royal guards stand on either side of the door. The sword bearer and Queen Elizabeth stand before the knighting stool. A royal guard stands on either side of the door opposite.

Trumpets sound. The door opposite opens. A double armed guard slowly escorts Walter Raleigh forward who dons a robe of perfect white, with a golden inlaid collar, coming to pause before the sacred stool of honor.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Walter Raleigh

Queen Elizabeth: We, honorable masters of a timeless royal diadem, ardently embrace loyal accomplished servants demonstrative of stainless honor and enduring chivalry, while maintaining long standing palace traditions.

Walter Raleigh: Oh dear Queen, I pledge my continuing loyalty in both sickness and in health, to honor, tradition, the crown, and myself as thy personal servant, until death should separate me from my sworn responsibility.

Queen Elizabeth: (*inflexible appearance*) Was the purge of disinclination o'er all crown holdings and concerns completed to meet or exceed magisterial expectations?

The sword bearer: (*rigid in appearance and speech*) That it was, my fair lady.

Queen Elizabeth: Were any oaths sworn or long anticipated vows left unsung?

The sword bearer: None, my fair lady.

Queen Elizabeth: Very well. When was the final moment of completion?

The sword bearer: At sunrise, my fair lady.

Queen Elizabeth: (*nods slightly but noticeably toward the congregation)* Very well ye debonair gentlemen and elegant ladies, the moment for commencement is now.

The sword bearer exits. The sword bearer returns with the knight's armor in hand, laying it out a few feet from the kneeling stool, then returns into former position.

Queen Elizabeth: (*facing Raleigh*) What vows do ye maintain to uphold, sir?

Walter Raleigh: First and foremost, to always defend a lady. To always speak the truth. I vow to always remain loyal to my lord. With that I vow to remain loyal to the church of England. I will always be charitable, giving defense to the poor and helpless. I shall remain brave in thy service, my dear Queen. When out on a venture I shall ne'er remove my armor except when bathing or sleeping, with my sword always by my side. Fear shall ne'er sway me to forbear dark and dangerous roads whilst in thy service, my dear Queen. I shall always and forever more be on time for engagement of arms, battle, or tournament. Upon my return home from an adventure, my dear Queen, I shall always give due account to thy honor and whome'er it may concern. I shall battle only one on one with my opponent. If taken prisoner, I shall forswear arms and horse unto my opponent, and never take up arms again against my opponent without his consent.

Walter Raleigh kneels upon the cherished stool

Queen Elizabeth: Do ye vow always to be virtuous thyself? Ye cannot give what ye are not in possession of. Do ye comprehend that ye are in far worse shape than the plants, since they are possession of the virtue in giving of their very nature unto one another?

Walter Raleigh: By the living spirit within me, and the God of heaven above, my dear Queen.

Sword bearer hands the Queen the knights sword

Queen Elizabeth: (*raises the sword, taping it flat upon Raleigh's left shoulder)* In the name of the church I, Queen of the English realm, dub thee qualified. (*raises the sword over Raleigh's head, tapping it flat upon his right shoulder)* In the name of the throne I dub thee qualified and hereby sustained. (*raises the sword above Raleigh's head, tapping it flat)* Henceforth on this day, in the name of God

Almighty, I Queen Elizabeth the first, now dub thee knight in service to God Almighty and country! Arise now, as ye may.

Raleigh stands at attention

Queen Elizabeth: In lieu of thy success in our colonial efforts, and in the name of ushering in the word of God to heathen races and individual people, thou art bestowed with all rights and privileges conferred by the title ye hath so earned. On this day the title of the charter ye have so acquired shall be that of Virginia. I hereby appoint ye as governor, knight lord, and sole counselor in this realm and province. Henceforth ye shall be known as Sir Walter Raleigh, with all accommodations, earnings, titles, and responsibilities here conferred unto ye, and ye alone. Are there any questions in regard, Sir Walter Raleigh?

Sir Walter Raleigh: None, my dear Queen.

Queen Elizabeth: (*gazes without*) Any comments in finalization?

Gathering without: *silence*.

Sir Walter Raleigh: None, my dear Queen. May God Almighty hold the Queen and merry England next to his heart for all time forward.

Gathering without: *applause, gradual silence*

Queen Elizabeth: May the sun forever rise and set on this realm upon whose helm where we all now pause in humble reflection. May his gracious donations of health, wealth, and gifts of accomplishment endure the trials of centuries into a distant millennium. May our imperial realm shine as a lamp unto the nations of earth, becoming an eager escort into secular order and elegance, a grantor of wisdom, a true beacon for the glamor of heaven beyond. May our throne stand as a trumpet for the victorious, always and forever more.

Lights gradually dim

Sir Walter Raleigh, Queen Elizabeth, The guards, The Sword Bearer, gathered witnesses, exit

Scene 6

The Port in Plymouth England
April 9, 1585

Men and supplies are on the dock, walking up and down the boarding plank. Seven ships are docked in waiting.

Enter Ananias Dare, Philip Armadas

Ananias Dare: (*smiling, glancing toward the rising sun*) Surely today is a happy day. Let us relish and excel in its arrival! Allow the arms of unfettered liberty to open wide and embrace our souls, whilst the arrogance and antagonism of enduring bondage weeps and gnashes its teeth at our passing.

Philip Armadas: No reason why all should not stand in perfect order. Every detail has smoothly moved into its proper position. I must say, that point alone sets this venture high above all others.

Ananias Dare: (*turns toward Sir Walter Raleigh*) Thy grand accomplishment of Achieving knighthood certainly has made all the positive difference.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Our two companions from Virginia here have made all the positive difference. (*points toward them both, smiles.*)

Sir Richard Grenvile: Ah, the dear Queen was most certainly convinced of our positive intentions. (*smiles, chuckles*) Let there be no doubt where merry England surely stands paramount in all our thoughts.

John white: (*chuckles,smiles*) Aye, good sir! Ne'er mind the heavy laden Spanish Galleons drifting past our point of defensive prospects.

Joachim Gans: I should say there Raleigh, did thy intentions in man power and needed supplies push through?

Sir Walter Raleigh: Well, sir, behold the seven ships dedicated to our cause. That mark alone denotes its own air of satisfaction. Our professional alliance and our body of six hundred men are an icing on the proverbial cake handed over to us and our company, courtesy of no less than her-majesty incarnate.

Ananias Dare: Bless the holy virgin herself! Thy request for a splendid six hundred came through. Maybe I shouldn't have withheld my own investment into this venture.

John white: Patience dear boy. My daughter resides in thy care. Once this colony is firmly established, with thy talent and my connections, ye are bound to supersede any eager competition.

Philip Armadas: Who was appointed governor? Or should I even dare ask, considering the military nature of the colony?

Sir Walter Raleigh: The most capable after much consideration, is none other than Ralph Lane in the flesh.

John White: Why not Richard Grenville?

Sir Walter Raleigh: I fear his past extremity in dealing with contention.

John white: I don't understand, I'm afraid.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Skulls along both sides of one's buggy entrance to his primary abode, doesn't do much to court favors from the native populations.

John White: I'm afraid I still don't comprehend the concern.

Sir Walter Raleigh: These Virginians outnumber us overwhelmingly. We are all obliged by circumstance to court their favor. Any move in an opposing direction does absolutely nothing to accomplish that end. Grenville is rash and impulsive, yet very effective in what he does. So that reason alone is why I have invited him on this mission. He also is an outstanding navigator. So I made him commander in chief of our fleet, rather than military governor of our colonial venture.

Ananias Dare: Should we find ourselves in need of defense, however, playing a winning hand is always best. I can clearly observe where Grenville is most valuable being held in reserve. Methodology is unimportant, so long as it invites unconditional success.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Our primary goals are cooperation, not conquest. We wish for alliances o'er enemies. Our supreme desire is a totally cooperative brotherhood above antagonistic adversaries. Being in possession of this quality is detrimental to all of our successes. Any move beneath this goal I find hazardous to

our forestated goals. This reality absolutely must be understood.

Joachim Gans: Sir, I am standing here on the dockside observing the quantities of supplies in movement on board our seven anchored vessels. It demands reserves in money for supplies enough to accommodate the six hundred men alone, not to mention those of our own. I would surmise where one third the value as an extra was applied to the request as a bonus in case the colony were in need of such while we are away.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Aye, thy anticipated figures are most accurate.

Joachim Gans: I shudder when I anticipate thy promise for a return on these funds in interest.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Twelve percent is possible, let there be no doubt on anybody's part.

Thomas Harriet: Twelve percent, and no positive identification of reserves in gold? How preposterous and daring a proposal? Surely any misstep shall come at the price of one's head, as Dudley and Empson found so true.

Sir Walter Raleigh: The natives wear garlands of gold and gems, eh Joachim?

Thomas Harriet: The natives wear garlands of colorful stones assumed to be gold and gems such as ruby, pearl, and emerald. We made no positive verification as of yet. (*turns toward Manteo standing beside him*) Innee, wachee, pizanthium?

Manteo: (*faces Thomas Harriet*) Quantifakiam, blethal, bozoram.

Thomas Harriet: (*turns toward Joachim Gans)* Manteo tells me he knows of the

yellowstone, but it is of no value to his people. The hammered metal found inside caves is of much more value to himself and his people.

Joachim Gans: We assume the intention in this description is to mean copper.

Thomas Harriet: Exactly. Copper does not bear much possibility for extracting payment in return for the investment in this venture, plus twelve percent in interest.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Aye Gans, as Harriet so craftily alludes. The projected colony's proximity to La Florida and the Spanish Galleon traffic from the far south up, shall bear every possibility for a speedy return on all investments plus interest...

Martin Frobisher: And then our own projected profits bear no possibilities for limitation there after we quickly net our returns.

Sir Robert Grenville: Not to mention extra profits to be gained from product harvest made there in our new colonial realm, then traded in English markets.

Ananias Dare: And many more beyond.

Joachim Gans: Ah, this is all very well. I clearly observe our golden way. I'm much honored to be a part of this venture.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Trust me gentlemen, (*smiles*) surely henceforth from this day, there shall indeed be no regrets.

In unison: No regrets made in the opportunity, no hesitations in today. For the hand of logic shall direct our notions, whilst we ride the angel, Fortunado's, hallowed wave.

Stage lights dim

Last of the supplies load. Every person boards a ship. Ananias Dare exits the stage.

Scene 7

July 1586

The ship, Tiger, pulls into the port at Plymouth England

Enter Sir Richard Grenville

Sir Richard Grenville: (*walks down the boarding plank, pulling supply chests, smiling*) Oh what a bountiful day mates! What more a reason is needed to be joyful? All are alive and well, and in good health.

Ananias Dare: *(excited*) Tell me about the experience! Did ye find wealth? Was the venture profitable?

Sir Richard Grenville: Oh, yes indeed I found wealth. I found a stray from the gold laden Armada, The Santa Maria de San Vicente. Not only was enough golden doubloons, bar, and silver bars harvested from her to repay all of our investors plus their requested twelve percent, we also harvested the same amount to be divided among ourselves.

Ananias Dare: How much was harvested, dare I ask?

Sir Richard Grenville: Some fifty thousand ducats worth.

Thomas Harriet: That amount figures in at each man receiving 125 per individual, before we subtract the fees for investment. Our fees are rounded out at minus one third, Annanias. So our in-hand total amounts to 83 ducats per person. The in hand value amounts to 294.5 grams of gold per person or 12450 pounds sterling.

John White: This doesn't even account for the ivory, silver, gold, pearls, cochineal, ginger, sugar, and a liquor drink the Spanish call Caneya. This value in total amounts to another two thirds in the gold take. This goes into the chief management's pockets alone, meaning us to include Raleigh.

Ananias Dare: (*hangs head, sighs, picks head up*) Where was I at on this venture? I would need to work for some three years or more to have such a take in comparison.

John White: (*smiles, pats Ananaias on the back*) Hang on, my good boy. All dues in good time. *(sighs)* There was struggle in the colony. This fact cannot be overlooked. Our Spanish take pleased the queen, now we must please ourselves in the next venture. Here in this gracious endeavor, we were most pleased, but the colony itself must find its proper place as well.

Sir Richard Grenville: When our fleet exited Plymouth, we headed southbound through the Bay of Biscay. A severe tempest off the coast of Portugal separated the Tiger from the fleet, and sank one of our small pinnaces. The plan was for the ships to meet up on the isle of San Juan Batista. The Tiger picked up a good clip, arriving on May 11, ahead of the other ships.

Here, on this isle, I proceeded to construct a base camp for the purpose of defending ourselves against Spanish forces. Ralph Lane's men assisted, with an intent among Lane and myself of educating these men for the colony beyond, soon to come. His men also forged nails and sawed lumber, for the purpose of

constructing a new pinnace. The Elizabeth arrived on May 19, only eight days after the ship and the fort was constructed.

Ananias Dare: Nothing to do but labor, eh? What part of San Juan Batista were ye Located?

Sir Richard Grenville: Monsequetal, the south coastal sector.

Ananias Dare: What did the company encounter next?

Sir Richard Grenville: I contacted local Spanish authorities in hopes of securing supplies, yet my requests for assistance were ignored. Thus, I assumed the plan was to attack.

Ananias Dare: This is certainly one loaded adventure tale.

Sir Richard Grenville: The ships nor the supplies ne'er arrived. So I abandoned the fort in San Juan Batista. I captured two Spanish ships in the passage near San Juan Bautista, sailing on to La Isabella, where Spanish authorities successfully traded and engaged in profitable negotiation. On June 7 I exited La Isabella, sailing on to Wococon.

Ananias Dare: How did everything fare from that point on?

Sir Richard Grenville: We fell on hard times. On June 26 we struck a shoal, ruining our supplies and our victals. Our plans were to use the base we intended to build up as a privateering venture, but our ship, The Tiger, was nearly wrecked. Our remaining victals and supplies could not support a colony large as what we initially planned. Not only that, but the shallow waters kept anything at bay but the smallest of vessels. My own chief priority, along with Fernando and the others, was to locate another suitable colony.

Ananias Dare: The excitement in this adventure tale is difficult for me to contain.

John White: There is more at stake. The going was rough, but very much anticipated. Yet there were occurrences not anticipated, no matter how much discussion and intuitive deliberation preceded the events.

Sir Richard Grenville: After our repairs on the Tyger, we continued on with the others in our fleet to Port Ferdinando. Here we reunited with The *Roebuck* and *Dorothy.*

John White: Thankfully more than thirty men dropped off on the isle, Croatan, for the purpose of securing our efforts past, present, and future, were reunited with us.

Ananias Dare: I recall the return on July 5th, of John Arundell, bringing tidings of success in the colonial efforts to the Queen and her company.

Sir Richard Grenville: Our loss of supplies when the Tiger wrecked meant that we could not support the number of colonists we originally Intended. Rather than three hundred men, as was originally intended, only one hundred seven remained with Lane on our isle fortress. Another ship filled with supplies was scheduled to exit from Plymouth in June, bringing another round of colonists and more supplies.

Thomas Harriet: Thy father-in-law and myself were afforded ample time to visit the Secotan people in the towns known as Aquascogoc and Pamlico. Not only were we afforded time for extensive study and Documentation of food products, living habits, and customs in general, we also documented our extensive study of resources in general found throughout the area.

Ananias Dare: Anything of significance occur at these foreign towns?

Thomas Harriet: We exited from our boats in the inlet adjacent to the town. While

we were there, these citizens in this village demonstrated little motivation in welcoming us, strangely enough. While we were away, Grenville's personal silver drinking cup mysteriously vanished.

John White: I shutter to relay what the reaction was.

Ananias Dare: (*rolls eyes, glances about)* I shutter to ask.

Thomas Harriet: Grenville flew into an absolute rage. He orders his men to fire into gathering crowds of these people, slaughtering men and women, who no doubt were innocent. Then he torched the entire town, destroying food stores, homes, and many lives yet to be revealed.

Ananias Dare: I'm sure he courted the admiration of these people. Isn't such a reaction a detriment to our colony, and the crown's future endeavors There? I wonder how these 108 men survived the winter?

John White: From the generosity of the Virginians, we presume, or their own industriousness.

Thomas Harriet: Most are gentlemen in search of gold and gems. When none are found I seriously doubt they will be anxious to labor. Everywhere our people trod on that soil, I notice these foreign people sickened greatly, with large numbers literally dropping down and dying. These mysterious 108 more than likely perished with these citizen antagonists.

Sir Richard Grenville: Should we English remain for the long term, the land will be ours by sheer attrition, at the rate these people sicken and die. Let us maintain our focus on the bright end of the tunnel.

Lights Dim

Sir Richard Grenvile, Thomas Harriet, John White, Ananias Dare exit the stage

Curtains fall

Act 2

Scene 1

Raleigh's Family estate and manor home in Devon

Seated around the hearthside in the din

Enter Sir Walter Raleigh

Sir Walter Raleigh: With the information at hand harvested and compiled inside the Virginia tract, we all can debate valid deductions, then deliberate another attempt at establishing the colony in the name of our honorable Queen.

Richard Hakluyt: From what I can deduce in my own diligent examination of

these papers compiled by Harriet and White, Ralph Lane don't need to be any sort of military commander, and Sir Richard Grenville certainly doesn't need to be any kind of colonial governor.

Ananias Dare: I'm certain as the sun is up in the sky above, that these citizens there will love us all to death when we return.

Thomas Harriet: Another approach would have been most beneficial, but we can't undo now what has been done.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Ye inform me that Grenville, my half-brother, flew into a murderous rage o'er a damn lost silver cup?

Thomas Harriet: That he did. We step out of boats on the inlet to enter the native village. The citizens there were not very inclined to meet with us. Maybe because of past abuses that none of us are even aware of. I am not certain if Lane and a few more didn't violate some of the young girls he found washing clothes in the secluded creeks and streams out from this village a day or two prior to our approach.

Ananias Dare: That certainly explains why these people didn't care to welcome thy party into their village.

Richard Hakluyt: The big problem here is this. These natives are the overwhelming majority all around in the place where we intend to land. They've been highly upset by the presence of our people. Should we return, and we most certainly need to, we have this situation to deal with. Grenville and Lane's foolish behavior is unacceptable. They bore no concern for the future of the good Queen's colony.

Ananias Dare: In what additional ways was the trust of these citizens violated?

John White: Grenville muttered repeatedly that the Virginians were miserable wretches. They bear no fancy manner of dress. The men and women are not much more than bones, although the men tend to be strong, rather than sickly. They possess no sense of morals, with the females becoming active at the first signs of puberty. The men have no concern for morality. The greater the whore these females are, the more of value they are to them. Grenville was disgusted by the piecemeal lifestyle, customs, and general appearances these people possess. He seemed to feel himself highly above them. When his favorite drinking cup went missing, he went berserk.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Was that cup given to him as a gift for his actions against the Spanish, by the Chief Deputy of Arms in the palace guard, in the name of the Queen herself?

Thomas Harriet: That is the one. But there is more. Two chiefs, Manteo and Wanchese, made trips here. They both were brothers, if I am correct in saying so. Manteo maintained an alliance, even though these crimes were committed against his people. Wanchese felt otherwise, however. One could detect it in his general mannerisms and composure. Once we returned to Secotan, A chief named Pemisapen argued with Lane's men, eventually attacking a few. Some of Lane's men fired at him, striking him in the thigh. Pemisapen took off running into the surrounding woods. Lane's men pursued him, returning after a short spell with his head in their hands.

Richard Hakluyt: This act, I am certain, amounts to an act of war, far as these foreign citizens are concerned.

John White: Lane and his men took the head of this citizen lord, and impaled it upon a stake out in front of the fort Lane built on the isle there. Hundreds of citizens may have eased by in the dark of night to bear witnesses to this atrocity committed against them by our own.

Ananias Dare: It will be a hornet's nest the next colony will walk into.

Richard Hakluyt: For this reason I recommend dividing our unit up into two factions. One contingent shall explore along the seacoast, heading northward. The other contingent shall move farther up into the Chesapeake Sinus. Based on the analytical records of White and Harriet, the land is much better there for establishing a colony, the water less brackish, and the overall climate of the land more accommodating.

John White: (*easing backward, sighing*) Indeed, and food is more plentiful there.

Martin Froboisher: I agree on all of these considerations, yet one additional concern prevails here. How shall the colony support itself? I accompanied Drake. I've haunted the Chesapeake area in the exact location where our future colony will probably wind up establishing itself. It shall not be nearly as easy to make way out into the water toward La Florida for our proposed raids. Granville has already captured enough Spanish gold and loot to replace every invested dime, plus interest to our backers, and cap off a fine profit to our crew and ourselves. In this regard remaining in Secotan seems much more viable.

Sir Walter Raleigh: What Frobisher speaks is hard truth. Which shall it be, a better fed colony that survives, or one that maybe is forced to labor more for its daily bread but thrives to an illustrious amazement? This matter is a serious question to ponder.

Ananias Dare: Well here lies the solution, gentlemen. Frobisher, ye suggested two patrols, one by the seaside and another deeper into the inlet area already explored. Why don't we have two colonies? The one in Secotan will only be a temporary colony manned by a few. From this point profitable raids may be launched on the incoming Spanish galleons from La Florida, as they pass on their way to the New Found Land area. Our ships could also easily move in for attack

south of the northern point at La Florida. The primary body of the colony, the civilian garrison, shall move to settle deeper into the Chesapeake Sinus inlet so described.

Martin Frobisher: (*raises eyebrows, sighs, leans back in chair*) Well White this son-in-law of thine is on to something like a viable plan, eh? What be thy stake in our venture, boy? (*Pulls pipe from pouch, packs in tobacco, smokes)*

Ananias Dare: (*amazed at the smoke)* I plan to accompany this next venture out. My brick and tile business is moving along, but profit is slow here, with taxes and higher wages entrepreneurs must pay. In this new colony we all shall be master of our own craft, making our own decisions, retaining the fruits of our labors.

Sir Walter Raleigh: (*pulls cork in bottle, pours shots in glasses*) Fresh brandy toasts to our new quest ahead! The effort shall win, and our excellence shall glitter all the way back to merry England, blinding the eyes of Buckingham Palace. *(stares at the smoke)*

All lift the shot glasses high

Ananias Dare: The effort spent once, separates the wisemen from the dunce. The efforts spent twice hails the one thrice. The effort spent thrice shall find luxury and gold, making our lives so nice. For such a blessed endeavor we must all again roll the dice!

Stage lights Dim

Ananias Dare, Sir Walter Raleigh, Martin Frobisher, John White, Ananias Dare, Richard Hakulyt, exit the stage

Scene 2

Three months later

The Tavern in Devon

Enter Sir Walter Raleigh

Sir Walter Raleigh: Such pleasant days I must say. Largely speaking, all is going well. The good Queen has granted us another beseech. Five insurance companies have granted us a bountiful share. Three clothing co-ops have promised to drop some coin. We already have people signing pledges to participate in our colonial effort.

Martin Frobisher: (*fills his tumbler with brandy and wine, lights his pipe, eases back into his seat)* Well, which are they betting most on, the colonies prosperity, or success in our privateering efforts?

John White: Honestly, thus far privateering has been our only profitable venture.

Martin Frobisher: (*smiles, blows smoke*) Exactly. Privateering has been our only method of paying our financing costs. Nothing else has yet to bear fruit.

Ananias Dare: Ye love breathing in that smoke, eh?

John White: It's a citizen special all the way from Virginia. We've all dabbled. I am not wild about it. Lane and Thomas Harriet love inhaling this smoke.

Martin Frobisher: So how many colonists have signed the pledge, as of yet?

Sir Walter Raleigh: One hundred and fifteen, to include Ananias Dare and his wife Elenor.

Martin Frobisher: (*takes a long drink*) How do you feel about this, White? Virginia is a colony in the rough. Making everything work will demand a

toughness yet to be witnessed in most.

John White: The choice is theirs in the end. The opportunity is now. We need good skilled people. We need wives for the men who know how to manage the homefront. We need builders, masons, and carpenters. Not to mention potters, coopers, and the like.

Martin Frobisher: Let us not forget distillers. We most definitely are in need of good distillers.

Sir Walter Raleigh: (*smiles, lifts his cup, places it on the table*) What does the wife think about all of this son?

Ananias Dare: She is well aware of life's difficulties in the colony. She tells me it's better to die than live in wonder.

Martin Frobisher: I second that! (*holds his cup high*) What ever became of Lane's Men left on the island?

Sir Walter Raleigh: According to Grenville, (*lifts his cup*) the natives on the isle who call themselves Croatoan, attacked shortly after he left for home. Manteo informed Harriet that these raw citizens slew most of the colonists. The colonists who survived were scattered out, dying from starvation in the woods. Some very few survived, but are yet to be heard from. Supplies were looted and all food stores destroyed by the Croatoan. Living will be tough for these few.

Martin Frobisher: When is this next round pulling out?

Sir Walter Raleigh: The plan is to pull out on May eighth of next year.

John White: What is the nature of the colony being planned?

Sir Walter Raleigh: This colony is not going to be military, although for defense

some military forces will be present. Women and children are included among these colonists. The two foreigners from Virginia, Manteo and Towaye, shall sail back with the colony.

Martin Frobisher: I'm with Drake hunting ships. My bet is that we shall be the one's who pay the colony's bills.

Sir Walter Raleigh: The plan shall be for the colony to divide, with one division haunting the beach area, probably the isle, and other moving farther inland toward the Sinus area. The Sinus area will be where the permanent colony shall be relocated into. The isle is only a small base fortress area, from which ships shall launch to attack the Spanish Galleons. The intent will be to establish a base for attacking Spanish ships and a permanent colony from which raw resources may be harvested and processed into tradable goods in European markets.

Ananias Dare: It's all or nothing this time around, Raleigh. Thy charter dies in '90. Too much money has already been wasted. The only salvation for the colony is that capturing the Spanish fleet was so profitable. The question is how long can it all last?

Lights Dim

Ananias Dare, Sir Walter Raleigh, Martin Frobisher, and John White exit

Scene 3

January 7 1587

Mary Ovary's Church

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh

Queen Elizabeth I : Raleigh, I have a draft for thy examination. I give this draft in lieu of a warning. Thy charter's time draws nigh. Three more years, or else. (*hands Raleigh a scroll neatly bound)*

Sir Walter Raleigh: (*takes the scroll, unrolls it, smiles*) So this new charter declares John White as the governor of the city of Raleigh. He is allowed twelve assistants, I see.

Queen Elizabeth: We must retain and secure small fragments of a larger pie. (*levels off toward Raleigh*) That pie is the territory of Virginia.

Sir Walter Raleigh: I understand, my fair Queen.. Securing one fragment at a time may be a much more valid approach.

Queen Elizabeth: Thy half-brother, Grenville, made a royal mess of everything, as I am to comprehend. What else am I to perceive that he would do, considering how much the Irish detest his very name? The English could have won the fray much easier, had the approach been more one of convincing than compelling.

Sir Walter Raleigh: The Irish rejected the crown's authority, my dear Queen. Properly applied force held them in line, compelling them to comprehend where their only options for success and life itself, are to submit.

Queen Elizabeth: Such maybe true, but ruthlessness only cultivates generational hatred. We must think beyond the present moment. This resentment shall pass down to the next generation, breeding new motivation to revolt. From the ruthlessness of Lane and Grenville, we must anticipate where the same is true in the new territory of Virginia.

Sir Walter Raleigh: For this reason, my dear Queen, this next colonial effort shall

be family oriented, rather than military. For defensive purposes we shall maintain a general guard. This colony shall be constituted of 115 people, to include my own daughter, Elenor, who is now with child, and her husband, Ananias. These hundred and fifteen are members of the yeomanry.

Queen Elizabeth: What gender are the colonists?

Sir Walter Raleigh: Out of the hundred and fifteen, seventeen are women and nine are children. Four of the women are with child. White's daughter makes five.

Queen Elizabeth: So from the eighty nine men, I should presume where five are married.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Ah, eleven in total, my fair Queen.

Queen Elizabeth: So Raleigh, if I am correct we have seventy eight men without access to available women?

Sir Walter Raleigh: Yes my dear Queen, with seventeen women, nine children, and eleven women being married, we have seventy eight single working age men.

Queen Elizabeth: What specifically are the age ranges?

Sir Walter Raleigh: Most are late teens to early twenties. Maybe twenty percent are above thirty.

Queen Elizabeth: I view seeds of strife soon sown between these colonists. The younger men will desire relocation. The older ones may be satisfied with the city of Raleigh. This discord sown from lack of female companionship, and the bad blood created with these citizens in the general area of Raleigh, shall compel these individuals to seek new ground, I anticipate. Better relations with

the natives might be formulated in a new area, granting access to women, better security, and an abundance of victuals scarce in the colony, among additional concerns. (*levels off at Raleigh*) These intuitive concerns are perceived, I must presume?

Sir Walter Raleigh: Yes, my dear Queen. The colony is encouraged to eventually divide and settle farther northward, and more into the interior. The city of Raleigh is only a base of operation facilitating our privateering efforts with La Florida. Between these two establishments success shall be virtually guaranteed.

Bishop in residence: (*enters sanctuary from rear quarters*) My dear Queen. (*hands an envelope)*

Queen Elizabeth: (*receives envelope*) Was the monthly portion appropriated this time?

Bishop in residence: (*swallows hard*) The promise lies on the wing, my dear Queen.

Queen Elizabeth: (*Levels off at the bishop*) So it goes on the third month now. (*opens envelope, raises her hard gaze)* Mr. Foxx, only a third of our requested rent is present. I am well aware of the endowment owned by many members of your congregation. A proper appeal should easily pull in our required monthly rents.

Bishop in residence: My dear Queen, the plagues and the wars in Scotland, Ireland, and other places bear a burden of tax on the citizens. My congregation is short on funds. Nevertheless, we shall make our monthly take for the rents due on this establishment. *(forces a smile*)

Queen Elizabeth: Prospects of examining the nearest workhouse interior should provide the proper motivation, I think. Prison yards will do what the latter fails to emphasize.

Bishop in residence: (*swallows hard)* Yes my dear Queen.

Queen Elizabeth: (*glares toward Sir Walter Raleigh*) Promises made to royalty, then not kept, amount to treason, pure and simple. I am aware of circumstance negating outcomes outside of one's control, but grants are made on honest evaluations of a citizen's appeal for favor. Are my words comprehended, Raleigh?

Sir Walter Raleigh: Yes, my dear Queen.

Queen Elizabeth: Very well. Allow the proceedings to commence upon our exit from these doors. Guards!

Guards step aside at the door. Other guards move on either side of the queen for an escort. Raleigh and Bishop in residence move out behind.

Lights dim

Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, guards,Bishop in Residence exit the stage

Scene 5

Three ships dock at the port in Plymouth

Sunrise May 8th, 1587

Enter John White, Fernandez

John White: (*grimaces, squints, gazes abroad*) What a day for a ride out to sea.

Fernandez: Such a clear sunny day to guide us on our way.

John White: One ye know already so well, way out on the roll and swell.

Edward Spicer: So how could we ever go wrong? Do we have company awaiting our return?

John White: We can certainly hope for the best.

Edward Spicer: I've gathered bits and pieces from birds on the wind. When I stick them all together, the best I can deduce is a cheerful maybe in a pessimistic tone.

John White: The individuals left were never located on our following return. Reports from our Virginia allies claim they all perished. Some few escaped, but of their condition, we know not. I like to think they shall be around upon our return.

Edward Stafford: Well White, the riggs on my pinnace are all set, and the sails fully extended. A fine steady breeze exists. Once she is fully loaded and unhitched, we shall be on our way.

John White: We hold a precious cargo. Thank God for good able men such as Fernandez. The Lion carries not only a precious cargo from my point of view, but that of any future for the colony.

Ananias Dare: How many women aboard are with child, besides my own wife?

John White: Four, if memory serves me well, and maybe a possible fifth.

Ananias Dare: What a great beginning. What about women for the men remaining?

John White: Many are young, too young. We are in need of skillful work hands. We also need laborers. Affections shall arrive in due course of time.

Ananias Dare: I'll set to work on a brick foundry. I'll need bricks for my construction projects. Others will desire for them as well.

Edward Stafford: (*laughs under his breath*) Do mere yeomen possess golden coin?

John White: Manteo knows of a salt lick.

Ananias Dare: Salt is certainly esteemed.

Edward Stafford: More than gold?

John White: In the general situation, yes.

Ananias Dare: The privateers possess golden coin, ingots, and bars.

Edward Spicer: Ah, the next aristocratic dynasty!

Ananias Dare: Ones in possession of the most elegant homes, and largest tracts of Land.

John White: (*smiles*) It's all about being a world in the making.

Fernandez: A free world, I anticipate (*narrowing his eyes*) .

Edward Spicer: As we grow more liberated with the passage of time, I will Presume.

Ananias Dare: We must maintain peace with the citizens. Harm has been done. My heart feels rather anxious.

John White: Grenville and Lane are retired from this venture. I aim to patch up and sail forward.

Fernandez: Bullets strike hard, a sword slashes deep, and the head of a Secotan leader , along with many innocent bronze bodies, falls to the ground.

John White: And why not make the attempt?

Fernandez: Such crude actions followed the giving of gifts? What are outsiders to think?

John White: We possess no other option, and Raleigh only has until ‘90, then this Virginia charter lies in his hands no more.

Ananias Dare: Then who shall be on guard for Virginia’s colony?

John White: A more negligent set of pirates, we shall presume. Time shall reveal all secrets.

The three ships are loaded. The ships unhook from the moor and gradually move out to sea toward a setting sun.

John White, Edward Stafford, Edward Spicer, Fernandez, Ananias Dare exit.

Lights fade out.

Scene 6

July 22, 1587

The flagship and the pinnace drop anchor on Croatoan island

Sunrise on board ship. People are eating salt pork and hardtack biscuits, getting prepared to disembark.

Enter Quartermaster, John White

Quartermaster: (*hard glare*) Sir, did ye hear the disquieting news?

John White: What news? None has passed my way.

Quartermaster: Orders on paper from Simon Fernandez, are
for sailors to leave the colonists hereabouts on Croatoan.

John White: (*angers*) My orders to Simon Fernandez were for all of us to sail up to Chesapeake, as we so agreed! I only wanted to pause on this island for the purpose of visiting these men Lane abandoned.

Quartermaster: It has been said, sir, where Fernandez has ambitions for establishing his personal plantation on Caprara near San Juan for the manufacture and trade of sugar and making a much coveted liquor the Spanish call El Caneya. He seemingly has taken his looted gold and purchased tenable land for his proposed estate, sir.

John White: Why, the self-serving logic is criminal! He knows his orders, I say.

Quartermaster: He has agreed to remain in place for a finite period of time, sir, on thy behalf and that of the colony. So it seems, Fernandez has a specified time to meet with his land agent.

John White: (*gasps in anger, swears*) Are the rowboats and the folded cast nets ready?

Quartermaster: Aye Aye, sir, on the spot.

John White: What about the individual day packs? We'll venture out upon the hill yonder along the shoal.

Quartermaster: First batch is twelve out, sir. We have twelve packs made up already.

John White: Well make twelve more for the next group. Today should be easy pickings, seeing no sign of any stir on shore from here.

Quartermaster: We should have companions on the site already, if I understand the information correctly, sir.

John White: We always behave and prepare as if we don't, supply officer. Experience has taught me that much long ago.

Quartermaster: Who of authority is first out? I don't feel these colonists should go out alone.

John White: The chief infantryman, three grenadier, and a pikeman. Several among the average colonists are actually talented swordsmen. All should be under arms on the first boatload out, supply officer.

Quartermaster: As ye speak, so it is. (*turns toward the infantryman adjacent to him*) As the boat loads, prepare for the next boarding. There is much to do, and be aware of.

Ananias Dare: I'm following thyself and Fernandez.

John White: Doing so will be best. We have no room for missteps. Everything absolutely must go according to plan.

Eleanor Dare: (*glares hard*) Father, even I, a mere forthcoming mother and housewife, am aware of the curves life throws. It's great to have a plan, but a valid plan must always be flexible.

John White: Yes, most assuredly my dear daughter. Certainly people in possession of thy intuitive insight shall be of value to our colony, which is why I carried ye along.

Eleanor Dare: I desire for this move to go well. I want the best for the colony, ourselves, and the child growing inside my womb. I know Ananias desires great success. I do as well, but the chance ourselves and everybody else has taken in this venture, demands our security first

and foremost. I dearly hope these other colonists abandoned onshore have secured a viable premise for us to operate inside of. Otherwise this colony's future is up in the wind without loads of pressing labor in the initiative.

First rowboat is loaded with twelve. The rowboat paddles its way toward shore , then makes landfall on golden beach sand. The passengers exit. The chief pikeman rows the empty boat back out to the ship. The second group begins loading.

Ananias Dare: (*to the colonists boarding*) How many tradesmen in the group?

Five raise their hands

Ananias Dare: What art thou crafts?

Chief pikeman: The man nearest to me is a cooper. In front of him sits the blacksmith. Next in line sits the gunsmith. Out from him is the butcher. Last sits the carpenter.

Ananias Dare: All art needed dearly in the colony. Welcome to this new venture in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh and the virgin Queen.

The blacksmith: (*stands up in boat*) Sir, art ye at our helm?

Ananias Dare: I am the chief construction supervisor. Thou art in my company Service.

The blacksmith: Very well then. (*sits back down*)

The gunsmith: (*stands up in boat*) Good sir, is it true that we are now in a secular paradise?

Ananias Dare: It can be such if we make the determination.

The gunsmith: Very well then good sir! (*sits back down*)

The carpenter: *(stands up in boat, smiles, salutes*) Shall we all be welcomed ashore, with a fine banquet and fizzy ale drinks?

Ananias Dare: My father-in-law and I certainly pray for such a manifestation.

The carpenter: But sir, the town crier read the proclamation of such, complete with Raleigh and White's personal signatures. Such was endorsed via hard-stamp, from her majesty's very hand. The word was loudly proclaimed all throughout Lundun town, sir.

Ananias Dare: And so it was, and hence the potential lies in waiting. The future lies in our own hands, in the end. We possess the power to embrace this realm as heaven, or transform it into a hell of our design. In the end we choose. So on that note, sir, what be thine own choice?

The carpenter: Why, of course, I choose heaven o'er hell.

Ananias Dare: Very well then, thine own lot shall stand solid henceforth.

The carpenter: These words are much appreciated, sir. (*salutes and sits back down)*

The cooper: (*stands up in boat*) What manner of being are the citizens of this land? What mode of habit and living shall our neighbors be?

Ananias Dare: Sweet as honey should we motivate them to be such, or bitter as wormwood. Through them may our habits of life embrace the elements of the earth we shall soon stand on, or run contrary to it should we stand in adamant rejection of all we encounter. Soon our own labors shall be detailed. Maybe we shall find their realm more adaptable to our own designs herein. The future shall reveal all.

The cooper: (*sits back down*) Very well sir.

John White: (*walks up from rear of ship)* The last rowboat is pulling out. It's us

now, the virgin green, and the wide blue sky.

Eleanor Dare: I, for one, couldn't be happier until we're actually settled in. The choice has already been made, all of the die cast, and now we're all obligated to live by the choices made. Allow time forward to remember us for remaining ever faithful to the honorable calling. Should this colony prosper and stick long standing, certainly another time shall ne'er again appear for us to live underneath likewise circumstances. May the best of time and effort forever prevail!

Stage lights dim

Eleanor Dare, Ananias Dare, John White, the Cooper, the Carpenter, the Gunsmith, the Blacksmith, Chief Pikeman, Quartermaster, John White exit

Curtains fall

Act 3

Scene 1

The last row-boat load lands on Croatoan Island

Enter John White

John White: The golden shine in this sand offers suggestions of magnificent prospects, (*steps over the edge onto the sand, picks up a handful,*

smiling) Aye lass, here! Examine that. Wouldst thou not agree?

Eleanor Dare: I strain my sore eyes, but if ye say so, father.

Ananaia Dare: Eleanor is on to something, sir. I take it as it comes. When it materializes, then here it all shall be! The sand is good, the day is fine at this present moment, and we all are fed, clothed, healthy, pain free and well. (*glances over at John White, smiles)* All is as it is, sir. We have high hopes for a prosperous future.

John White: Well as governor, on that note we shall plant the cross, hail the king, tap the brandy keg, then let the entire colony stand here and toast to the rising sun and cheer hosannas to our future success!

Lieutenant Governor: Aye aye, sir, the cross is being struck and the keg is fetched from the ship-hold at this very moment.

John White: What thoughts have ye, Jubal, in regard to the colony and its prospects?

Lieutenant Governor: I feel like an iron box of gold already, sir!

Ananias Dare: Thou sire name be Dowlais. What more could anybody expect? What less? A Dowlais who is true to his name, leaps at an opportunity, no matter the odds!

Lieutenant Governor: Standing here alone certainly allows one to gratify any obligations of his name, if any there may be.

The Cooper: We must dig holes. With the tide coming in, when it retreats in the morning these holes shall be filled with fish and various creatures of the sea.

The Carpenter: A circle of stones is so much better!

John White: The conclusion is agreeable, but where be these stones? Maybe sticks stuck down in the mud, but will these sticks stand against the surging water? I don't think so.

The Cooper: (*smiles, sighs sarcastically*) So it's back to digging four cubit by five cubit deep holes.

Eleanor Dare: Shant take long in the sand hereabouts.

The Cooper: (*smirks*) The fish are good for a woman with child, my lady.

Eleanor Dare: Five more here are in sore need, according to our records.

Group of men strike the cross in the sand. The brandy cask is rolled out and stood up. Another man carries a platter with the glasses. All except women with children gather around, pick up a glass, filling it at the tap on the base of the keg. They all stand, holding their shot glasses high.

John White: To the good Queen's long life!

All the colonists: Long live the good Queen!

John White: To the health of Britain and all of her merry men!

All the colonists: Long live Britain and her merry men!

John White: To the holy spirit, this bountiful land, and the sea winds!

All the colonists: Cheers to the holy spirit, this bountiful land, and the sea winds!

John White: (*gazes out into every face before him*) Now to the dreamers of this dream!

All the colonists: Hail to the dreamers of this dream!

John White: Cheers!, and allow this new odyssey to commence!

All the colonists: Cheers to all and allow this blessed odyssey to commence!

Everybody tips back their glass

stage lights dim

Three minutes pass, stage lights brighten

Colonists scatter on beach

Eleanor Dare: Father, where stands this fortress we've all heard so much about?

John White: (*pointing)* Yonder ways upon the hill, in the woods.

Ananias Dare: (*trudging up from the beach*) What do we have for food?

Fernandez: Ship biscuits with salt pork, and a bit of vinegar wine to wash it all down with.

Eleanor Dare: Was any fish inside those holes on the beach?

John White: A few. Manteo and the others were building fires in the sand over the dune yonder, and roasting them.

Ananias Dare: Ah !, with the ship biscuits and salt pork, it should go together well.

Eleanor Dare: The hearty mix shall carry us all through the day.

Fernandez: Eat cheerfully and dream of what we all deserve, being nothing less than fare fit for a king, eh?

John White: Such be the game plan.

Ananias Dare: So what exactly is the game plan here?

Lieutenant governor: To rediscover this fort we've been told of, then refit it and carry on.

Fernandez: (*faces White, smiles, motions*) Lead on dear master! The fires on the shore have prepared a gourmet meal, the guests have fattened, all grow anxious.

John White: (*walks out among the colonists with his lieutenant*) Gentlemen and fair ladies, follow me toward yon fortress. Manteo has returned, so the blacksmith informs, declaring the way forward into the woods to be unimpeded. Grab thy implements and accouterments, and allow us to be on our way.

The Carpenter: (*gazes around*) These woods are somewhat thick. What beasts Hereabouts abound?

Colonist, swordsman: Our men and arms are ready for whatever.

Fernandez: *(points*) Up ahead in the trees. Palisades I see!

John White: Affirmative, that it is. Only three hundred yards or so in from the water. Not too far away, yet far enough.

The colonists: (*excited*) Here we are. The wooden log gate to heaven, so the town crier proclaimed, pointing to the illustrations of this very place. Let us rush inside!

All race forward. The first few enter inside the snaggle palisade logs

Fernandez: But, where stands the house? Where stand the sheds? Where sits the couch? Where are the beds?

Ananias Dare: I must say, Mr. White, if this be the gate to heaven, I hate to witness Any such a gate guarding the chasm of hell.

The colonists: What is this? Where are our homes? All we see is clutter on the ground behind these snaggle standing logs! What kind of scam might this be, White?

John White: Nobody promised anybody a bed of roses. We shall pitch tents. We all have fish from the beach, citron melons on board ship in the hold, with plenty of biscuits and salt pork to go with it. Come first light tomorrow we shall set to work a-building. So let us get down to it.

The colonists get busy putting up tents and sail-cloth hooches inside the palisade. The lights gradually dim. Every person on stage exits.

Scene 2

Colonists are laboring, hewing logs, building, moving back and forth from the ship and the beach to the fortress.

Enter the carpenter, Eleanor Dare

The Carpenter: I do declare unseen eyes are watching us from a murky distance.

Eleanor Dare: My feelings are the same. None here are alone. Often I hear quiet footsteps just beyond the staggered palisade. We must fill in these great empty spaces in our palisade barrier.

The Carpenter: I can only wonder what kinds of motivations have preceded our presence in this place. Might they have been negative or positive?

Eleanor Dare: Sir Richard Grenville was the leader here in the colony before us. I

know his past, and I am anxious in regard to what my inner feelings suspect might have been.

The Cooper: The poster appeared too good to be true. It reads like ancient reports of the Golden Age, or those in regard to an island paradise of some sort.

The blacksmith: *(smiles)* It would be the exact nature of hell to veil itself, would it not?

A colonist; swordsman: But we are all here now, and we can't stir a stick in a pot and cause ourselves to appear elsewhere, or back on England's shores.

Eleanor Dare: If we could, we would still be banned from home, since the court would condemn us to the stake for stirring in the pot to get here.

Ananias Dare: So we might as well make the best of our time here, regardless of what our future holds. Nobody promised anybody a rose garden, last I can recall. Times will surely become difficult, we must always assume.

The carpenter: (*holds right index finger up*) But! Allow ourselves to examine the bright side! The main house inside the fortress is already half up. By tomorrow, since we have so many work hands, the sides shall be up and the roof on. Inside the palisade here surrounding this fort, several smaller homes are going up rather quickly, don't you think?

A colonist; swordsman: (*gazes around, grimaces)* Somehow I feel we are constructing our own prison. What crimes have we committed? That of only being humble yeomen or laborers with no choices or chances for advancement, rather than aristocrats? Shall the hell this place more than likely veils consume us all for these crimes of the cradle, when it finally reveals itself?

Lieutenant governor: (*walks in from the beach, angry face*) What a waste of time, this foolish jibber! I could hear it before I entered through the These gaps in the palisade. Ye all should be ashamed of thyselves. Much labor still lies in the wait round here!

Eleanor Dare: (*glares toward the Lieutenant governor*) 'Tis true Lieutenant. The sensation I perceive about this place is one of deep apprehension. A bad spirit lurks throughout the entire area. I sense his presence.

Lieutenant governor: We have pikemen and infantryman placed on the outside on twenty four hour guard. Should any threatening sounds be heard about in the night, a flaming arrow shot high into the night sky will suffice as a valid warning.

The carpenter: Where is our company we were supposed to meet when we arrived, as I understood?

Lieutenant governor: What company mate?

Eleanor Dare: I know of the colonists left here who were supposed to hold this fort until we arrived. There were only fifteen as I understand, but at least that many more were Irish servants and slaves.

Lieutenant governor: (*jaws dropping)* These slaves were from the Spanish south in majority, my fair lady.

Eleanor Dare: *(hard face)* All the more reason why they should be here among us now. Where are they?

Lieutenant governor: Maybe, my lady, they lurk about on the beach..

The blacksmith: Then why was the area so rubble strewn inside the palisade and fortress here? Did they build anything during the time they were hereabouts? Why did they so obviously scatter?

Lieutenant governor: (*huffs*) Obviously for better pickings, mate!

Eleanor Dare: Did father mention any details concerning the many skeletons he and my dear husband discovered when we first landed? I overheard their private conversations. That is how I know of this.

Lieutenant governor: (*swallowing hard*) Was a bad wind stirred hereabouts, prior to our landing?

The cooper: Surely any knowledge thereof be thine, sir?

Lieutenant governor: Thou knowest what I do not.

Eleanor Dare: (*gazes around, sighs)* Harbingers are not welcoming.

The blacksmith: Like what, my fair lady?

Elanor Dare: These guards the lieutenant speaks of? One eased away into the middle of the night, to search out a puddle on the edge of the beach he knew was filled with crab.

The cooper: What about it, my lady?

Eleanor Dare: Thou art not aware, Lieutenant?

Lieutenant governor: (*swallows hard, hangs his head*) Somewhat, but unclear on the details.

Eleanor Dare: (*gazes around*) Well, he was found dead on the beach with five arrows protruding from his torso! What does anybody make of this, Lieutenant?

Lieutenant governor: Why, I know not, my lady. Who was the unfortunate chap?

Eleanor Dare: George Howe, the recruited pikeman ye spoke of. How miraculous it is that he had no wife, nor no lady with child! What would she do? Who among these saps would offer her valid relief, except in some form of carnal favor exchange lending to her bearing another child!

Lieutenant governor: (*hangs his head)* My apologies lady. I hate that Howe experienced this cruel misfortune.

Eleanor Dare: I am here only because of my dear husband. It was his determination for us to be here, as man and wife. But I am a woman of sound mind. I notice our food reserves. The warm months shall be coming to a close soon. Where are our crops? It's too late to plant, I suppose. Most of these lubberworts are far too lazy to break ground and plant anyway. How much do we have in our larder? All I can say is it will be eight months until we can plant. Maybe somehow the same Virginians who slew George are generous and will share with us!

Lieutenant governor: But we have Manteo. He is our saving grace in these parts. He can negotiate on our behalf.

Eleanor Dare: Maybe so, Lieutenant, but he should most definitely be rewarded for his efforts. The English, unfortunately, are not known for being a generous lot.

The blacksmith: Let us all gather around and say our prayers to the good Lord in heaven above. In the end, he is the only one who can save us.

The blacksmith, the cooper, the swordsman, Eleanor Dare, Ananias Dare, the carpenter, the Lieutenant governor, clasp hands in a circle and pray:

Eleanor Dare: Our father, we gather here on these strange shores to beseech thy intervention. Our intentions are positive, our means meager, we know not what fortunes or misfortunes lie in store. The day is new, and only thine all seeing eyes can lead us through to golden shores. Ah men.

The group: A-men!

Lights dim

The blacksmith, the cooper, the swordsman, Eleanor Dare, Ananias Dare, the carpenter, the Lieutenant governor, exit the stage.

Scene 3

The military guard assumes formation at attention and fully armed before the palisade entrance. Twenty four hour guards are on post outside the palisade on all points. Tension inside the palisade and fortress area is high and on alert. Chief managers of the colony gather.

Enter John White, Edward Stafford

John White: We desperately need to patch up relations between us and the Secotan hereabouts. Grenville certainly made a tangle for us to weave our way out of. The situation at hand can not be ignored any longer. All of us must jettison aside our prejudices and high minded self viewpoints, and come down to the reality of our situation.

Edward Stafford: (*glares outward towards the sea, then back towards the woods*) What specifically is our present situation, governor? I only command the pinnace yonder, sir.

John White: ‘Tis like this. These thin, wastrel appearing people may strike us as lowlife beggars, motivating our own sensibilities to lash out in bitter repugnance, but these people, for whate’er they may be, are also the overwhelming majority. They may not possess firearms, but they have

some mighty powerful bows that bear an astonishing capacity for slaying stag from forty yards out. No doubt, their bows and arrows can at least match any longbow ever held in English possession, sir.

Edward Stafford: Who struck first?

John White: Grenville, in his rage born from the repugnance he felt in his view of these people, born from his perspective. His God forsaken silver cup went a-missing. The cup could have wallowed over the edge of the rowboat as the passengers climbed out. A passerby could have taken it! (*approaches and grabs Stafford by both arms*) His own men could have poached the goblet, yet Grenville chose to go on a murderous rampage when it went missing, based on an assumption of guilt toward these citizens hereabouts for it.

Edward Stafford: And pause to think in the moment, John, (*sighs*) thy innocent colonists shall pay the price for all of this tragedy delivered by Raleigh's cousin.

John White: Our duty is to make this horrible wrong right, for the love of salvation and success!

Edward Stafford: *(smiles sarcastically*) What alternative choice lies before us, John? Should we survive and thrive in the name of good Queen and country, we shall be prompt about getting on with it. What move lies next to be made, John? What hand from this deck sitting before us shall we next draw? Our choice must be a wise one. The ante is far too high for us to assume high minded risks. We must deliberate every future decision from this point onward.

John White: This is what we shall do. I'll assign Manteo to assist ye. Him and thyself shall travel to Dasemongueponke to meet with the Croatoan council and repair relations. At this point in our story we are willing to accept almost any condition. We have little, if any, bargaining room. We want them as allies, not enemies. They must understand

where their own gain lies in bonding with us.

Edward Stafford: When is the call for our exit toward this village ye speak of?

John White: Sunrise tomorrow morning.

Edward Stafford: (*smiles)* The move on shall be pronto with the proper time, sir.

Lights dim
Two minute pause

Lights gradually brighten

Manteo and Stafford enter the palisade surrounding the village of Dasemongueponke. Manteo points toward the council lodge. Several women with their hair cut straight across their foreheads pass them by, smiling toward them, laughing, talking among themselves. One of these young women has two paint marks going up and down upon her chin, the other has three.

Woman with three marks: (*pauses before them, smiling timidly*) Dou dou, ding tang, tin-gem.

Manteo: (*smiling, laughing*) Thou has charmed her fancy, she says.

Edward Stafford: (*smiles, glances up and down the woman*) She appears well proportioned, mate. We're busy at the moment, however. Pleasure and business never mixes well.

Manteo: The three chin marks and the straight cut of hair mean she's married, but her husband allows her to be mercenary.

Edward Stafford: What do the two chin marks and straight cut of hair mean?

Manteo: She's single and mercenary. She's also a mite younger.

Edward Stafford: What be her fees?

Manteo: A star-band bowl of dried, crushed cassina.

Edward Stafford: Show me the measure, beau-tic.

Manteo: Yonder, by the council lodge doors. Behold the bowls with the band and the stars in the center. This bowl the size of two fists and two fists deep filled with dried and crushed cassina, will fetch one a night with her.

Edward Stafford: Can she take that much cassina?

Manteo: No, but she can trade it out for salt and tobacco, and these items bear much more in value. This value may then be transferred into wampum. Oten the Spanish will swap it out for brandy or El Caneya, which costs much more but is highly esteemed anywhere among any tribe hereabouts.

Edward Stafford: Would her expense be justified by her value return?

Manteo: *(laughs, smiles*) Oh, she's very well versed in all of the delicate arts. Don't be intimidated by her youth.

Manteo and Edward Stafford step into the council lodge. Seven solemn Virginia elders sit around a fire. They all glance up.

1st native elder: Wousay sassafras, dooly bouquet?

Manteo: (*smiles, turns toward Edward Stafford*) He says hello, I behold two men on a mission. (*turns toward 1st elde*r). Been boutay, tin ding dow dung. Ring ting tang.

Ist native elder: (eyes widens, tosses back head) Zing lay! Proton be no dou, bing Ting.

Manteo (*turns toward Edward Stafford*) I asked him what became of Grenville's men. He tells me Wanchese recruited and led a coalition of tribes against them. These tribes attacked from every side, slaughtering every colonist remaining, down to the last one.

Edward Stafford: I heard this ruler died in his fight with the Lanes men. The ruler was a direct subordinate of this Wanchese, so it appears.

Manteo: The youth in study for his position continues the fight. It was their men who slew the palisade guard recently. Their leader still yet lives. He lays low, remaining out of sight. The one who died was a Weroance from the Secotan tribe

Edward Stafford: (*frustrated, grunts*) What gift might we offer for reconciliation?

Manteo: (*gazes around at all seven of the elders*) Maneo, yawaha, dobo jublow forbeshirum? (opens his arms wide) Dozippy, boutay, bornello bobo kato?

The seven elders: (*eyes wild, mouths gaping*) Keembeerisheem! Woshorebemi! Roo Too bro tom?

Manteo: *(turns toward Edward Stafford*) I asked them about reconciliation. They asked me what the gift was that could ever replace kindred blood needlessly spilled. They then replied that burying the hatchet was beyond consideration, until an equal amount of English blood was spilled and the natural balance restored.

Edward Stafford: Try again. Maybe they shall come through for us.

Manteo: (*opens hands palms up, spreads them apart*) Rin tin tin-dao?

The seven elders: (*Stern, wide eyed, silent)*

Manteo: Try one more time.

Manteo: (*turns toward the tribal elders)* Dou manteo? Mortey zeebo?

The seven elders: (*stern, silent, three arise to stir the coals in the flame*)

Edward Stafford: Very well then, Manteo. We shall exit these premises now. I desperately wish situations would have differed. Grenville certainly seems to have sabotaged my best efforts with his reckless unjustifiable behavior. I'm tempted to inform the queen of his inconsiderate actions against these citizens.

Stage lights gradually fade. The seven elders, Edward Stafford, Manteo, woman with the two marks, women with the three marks, exit.

Scene 4

August eight, 1587

Darkness before dawn. The armed men gather by torchlight. Guards remain around the palisade and at the entrance to the fortress.

Enter John White

John White: It's been nine days since the day of our appeal to the Secatan for reconciliation. Let it now be them who made the first call for battle, directed against us!

Ist citizen militiaman: Not only in rejection of our call for reconciliation, nay, allow us not to forebear their unprovoked murder of our innocent guard, George Howe.

Militiamen in unison: Our offers of kindness and reconciliation shall not be Held into disregard, especially in lieu of cold calculating Murder!

2nd militiaman: Blood shall spill today, lest we shall fail in maintaining the celestial scales balance!

3rd militiaman: Adventures high and adventures low, round and round this world we go. We live to frolic, a life reserved for the bold, lest we overlook huge buckets brimming with silver and gold!

4th militiaman: Get thy powder, grab thy gun, the battle before us must be won. Scoop up thy lead, lest the word not be said, their widows shall cry once our firelocks be fed. Let us rally ho before we go, we must find our place before the enemy shows.

Stage lights fade out

Three minutes pass

Stage lights slightly brighten, then brighten gradually as the later action moves forward along.

The small battalion, John White, Lieutenant governor, Edward Stafford, Manteo March quietly through the woods back toward Dasemongueponke. They arrive silently in the shadows before the palisade entrance.

John White: (*audible whisper*) ‘Tis all quiet. Something ‘s a miss. These people are up and down throughout the night, like the mapacha as the Spanish call ‘em. A night’s long sleep isn’t needed.

1st pikeman: (*audible whisper*) Huh now! I hear a rustle amongst these cabins. Can anything be seen ahead in this infernal moonlight gloom?

Manteo: (*audible whisper*) I behold shadows glinting hither and thither therein.

Ananias Dare: (*firm, audible whisper)* Allow us to be weary, damn weary. We possess no room for mistakes.

John White: (*firm, audible whisper through gritting teeth, levels off*) So tell me now boy, if it is not us who defends our interests and takes up for our own, then who else, pray tell? The Spanish? These Virginia citizens? Even the Croatoan? Eh? May all and our convictions be like the moon and the earth below. (*opens hands palm up, spreads them apart, shrugs)* What is, is!

Ananias Dare: Must the fact be repeated where we are not the majority in this land? When shall this fighting and misunderstanding ever end?

3rd pikeman: Let the ball fall and hit the wall, twee-pea! I'm ripe and ready for anything.

Manteo: (*eyes widen, cups both hands behind his ears)* Huh now! I hear coarse voices and scuttling feet. I perceive shadows flashing in betwixt these cabins. There be more of 'em at large!

2nd pikeman: Their platoon must be martialing into some sort of formation, I tell Ye! They heard our whispers.

John White: Pikemen, swordsmen, and infanteria, half make way 'round this palisade in search of an alternative entrance on the backside. Send a man over to me when it's discovered. Upon receiving word, we shall enter in. It shall be them at our mercy, with us entering and blocking 'em on all sides.

Ananias Dare: One day future from the time, it shall be us in their center, and them without mercy for us. Such be my great fear, sir! I'll take the blame. I was out for fortune and adventure. Such was my carnal sin. Deep down I fear for my wife and the child she carries inside her body.

Manteo: (*gazes over, eyebrows raised)* Aye sir, the motion has been made, the die has now been cast. The feather down floats where the spring wind blows.

2nd pikeman: Where the wheel of time rolls us into, nobody knows, sir. We're here, aye, our glowing moment is now, and it's us or them, sir!

Swordsman: (*returns from behind the palisade, approaches White)* Sir, we found it! We all can quietly squeeze through this unnoticed palisade gate.

John White: The punitive wave surges forward upon thy return.

Swordsman races back around the palisade. White eases through the entrance area with his patrol. The others move through the rear gap in the palisade. A group of Virginians are meandering among the cabins oblivious to the colonist's presence. These Virginians perceive a sudden stir, exiting from among the cabins, finding themselves abruptly pinched in between the colonists before them and those behind them.

John White: (*suddenly shoulders a blunderbuss*) Halt, ye saucy dogs! Who goes there? Speak now or forebear thy address for all eternity.

Virginians turn and scatter among the cabins

John White: Fire! Rush forward merry men, slash, and stab. Have no mercy nor forbearance on might of force and arms. This moment be our's for the taking!

Matchlocks fire from the front and the right side opposite of the entrance near the palisade. The spearmen, the pikemen, and the swordsmen rush forward from the front, and from the right side. When the small garrison of Virginia natives race toward the right and the entrance, the matchlocks fire again.

Ist pikeman: I want a head for my door post!

2nd pikeman: I bore the same thought. Yet a young well roasted hind for my

Reaming ramrod shall do me so much better at this moment!

3rd pikeman: I want one of their hatchets for my own wall, and a head!

The swordsman: I agree. Wherefore art their women? I yearn for a youthful strumpet!

John White: (*walking around, calmly surveying*) We've only slain fifteen men! Wherefore art the others? All is eerily silent, my saucy men!

3rd pikeman: (*approaches from the darkness to the far left of where they stand*) Behold such a door post trophy! (*holds up a Virginia chieftain's severed head by the hair. Gazes into its bloody face*) My, how it's a damn beauty for sure!

Manteo: These are not Secotan warriors. They are Croatoan. Behold the blue tattoo on the left cheek, and the rod on the right. Behold the white ring around the right eye, and the black ring around the left. Do I not bear the same?

John White: What's on with this, Manteo? My word! What have we done here Today, on what could have been such a pleasant morn?

Manteo: The Secotan intuitively knew of thy possible return, so they vacated these premises. Some of the Croatoan received word, arriving during the early morn to plunder whate'er remained. I hate that my people have been so wantonly murdered, but I can comprehend the position and sympathize with the imposing situation the English find themselves thrust into.

Ananias Dare: As I was saying, sir. Us poor colonists, such as my dear wife, let alone the child she carries, knows not in lieu of such notes as this, where the wheel of fortune shall carry us next.

Lights gradually dim, all exit the stage

Night time back at the Roanoke fortress and palisade

Ananias Dare: Are we all content with our choices now, oh ye merry men of the round table?

1st militiaman: We certainly made our point, eh? A damn foolish one at that, I must say.

3rd pikeman: That point is indeed most fearful.

John White: I was deceived. (*face in hands)* Surely I must be a grangousier.

Swordsman: The match has already been lit, sir. Tears of sorrow are vanity.

Cannoneer: I've collected stag-shot for the mounted swivel six pounder, and more for the one on the wheel cart.

Ananias Dare: (*smacks his forehead with both opened hands*) When is all of this mischief ever going to cease? We must live here, mates! Who amongst ye sailed all the way across that ocean yonder only to die here, in such a God forsaken place?

Cannoneer: Who said anything in regard to us dying?

Ananias Dare: On and on we callously and carelessly disregard who the majority is around these parts.

Cannoneer: A barrel filled with a lady's finger tips should suffice, when the whites of their eyes become apparent. Enough of these cast about should render us a majority in due course of time.

Ananias Dare: Who amongst any here spies my point? These people, now dead.., that we so carelessly slew, were Croatoan, our only allies!

Ist pikeman: It's under our control, mate, fear not. The cannoneer spoke the truth. We all misstep, yet who is around to condemn us?

Ananias Dare: My holy word! My mind can't accept what mine ears hear! (*turns around to face the cannoneer and John White*) My wife and child dwell here amongst these trees, by this beach hereabouts. That is right! My woman is with child, and this child soon cometh. Art ye all in with that notion?

2nd pikeman: We understand, sir. (*spreads out his hands, palms up)* What is now done, is done.

Ananias Dare: Ye still haven't grasped a hold to it yet, I see! (*gazes around*) Doesn't anybody behold the truth I speak of? My child is soon to be born, but behold the world this child is about to enter into! Surely it could have been heaven, but my fear is in regard to the hell all of ye have transformed it to! My child, birthed onto the hearth of hell? This never had to be. Our only allies here now despise us for Certain.

Manteo: Never fear, sir. Maybe I can help remedy the unfortunate situation.

John White: How? How can this foolhardy mistake ever be rationalized with thy people?

Manteo: Allow me to go out at first light tomorrow. What seems impossible is still yet possible.

John White: Is the impossible still yet possible, dear Manteo? May long pent up water suddenly unleashed, still flow so smoothly? Does an angry raging sky yet allow soft rays of the sun to shine through? Are burning lies and vengeful minds still yet soothed by the power of truth? Might both our minds peek through our own folly, as do innocent children in a springtime flowering field of youth?

Stage lights gradually dim out

Three minutes pass

Stage lights gradually brighten

Dawn at the Indian village known as Hatteras on Croatoan Island. Manteo enters the council longhouse.

Manteo: (*speaking in the native language*) Council, I beseech thee, in the name of the supreme God, Gitche Michoba, who created us, all of life, and the world around us.

Chief Pikwaka: We hear thy appeal, oh thou son of Hatteras. We anticipate thy reason for appearing before us. Our chief sorcerer, Spicklicker, beheld every sight and sound in the sacred pools, in the flights of birds, and in the smoke of our hearth fires. We are affirmative regarding the positive deeds thee hath given these moon-faced strangers, yet we are fully aware of dark powers upon us, upon others far and wide.

Manteo: What dark powers, oh wise one?

Chief Pikwaka: Everywhere far and near their feet tread, death follows. Many villages sicken after they tread through. We hear messages from carriers and traveling traders confirming the warnings from our chief sorcerer, Spicklicker.

Manteo: Albeit, much wrong has been done. Often folly dominates the minds of otherwise sensible men.

Chief Pikawaka: Wanchese has given us and every village for miles around adamant warnings in regard to these strange occupiers.

Manteo: Wanchese hungers for war, my father. He desires an important name for himself. Whereas I come in peace, always and forever more.

Chief Pikawaka: (*makes no immediate reply, puffs a pipe*) The knicky-knicky bestows visions, confirming reports, Manteo, that our people stand in harm's way. Wanchese traveled to the foreign land, from whence these strangers originate, as did thyself. Wanchese witnessed the chief thyself and he sailed back with, attacking another vessel without provocation, and his men slew the entire crew of innocents, only for the ship and the possessions of the people thereon.

Manteo: This is true, but these English are at war with this nation and the owners of this ship. Besides, the Spanish have occupied our shores for a much longer period of time. Traders from afar have spoken in regard to them. Traders from our own village have walked among them. Their reputation is of a much crueler nature than are these English. What is it to us if the English slay them all?

The council room breaks into laughter. The pipe is passed around

Chief Pikawaka: (*remains firm faced, never smiles, pauses in deliberation*) The Calabash is a bestower of great insight and wisdom, my dear son. I have had visions, confirming those of our chief sorcerer, Spicklickler. Three herons arose from the little alligator pond down by the red creek in the swamp the other day. The flap of their wings, the manner in which they drew up their legs as they flew, reveal dark harbingers these moon faced strangers in our midst herald, my dear son.

Manteo: The blue heron is surrounded by all seeing spirits, my dear father. Three is a number signifying divine origin.

Chief Pikawaka: (*turns to face Manteo*) The spirits informed Wanchese of the wickedness in the intent of these strangers, my dear son. Their

presence shall mean death for all of us, and total destruction of our culture. Us and all of our kind, shall soon be expunged from our own land, for all eternity.

Manteo: It doesn't have to be that way, father.

Chief Pikawaka: (*in a raging anger)* Notice what has already occurred, son! Dozens in the village we looted earlier, murdered for lacking of a ridiculous cup, to include women and children. Nobody ever provoked that. Everywhere these people tread death follows in their wake. People are sickening in many villages even as I speak these very words! We all are cursed with these people in our midst, Son.

Manteo: Please forgive and show mercy father. We are all they have.

Chief Pikawaka: Now they fire upon us, cut us to pieces, not to mention their young men violating our daughters and tiny granddaughters as these innocents wash our clothes by the edge of the stream behind our village! I find it difficult to observe where they deserve any mercy, my son.

Manteo: Many wrongs have been committed, my dear father. But can mercy and forgiveness not be shown once more again?

Chief Pikawaka turns toward the council and addresses them. There is an emotional rumble and stir among them. A few minutes pass.

Chief Pikawaka: I go against my own feelings, my dear son. The others here in this council as thou hast now heard, are willing to lay the hatchet back. We shall forebear on our retribution, my dear son.

Manteo: Thankyou dearly father!

Cheir Pikawaka: I must give all due warning, son. Wanchese is even more

aroused into action against these villainous intruders. It has been said that thou has been labeled a traitor among those in his midst. Ye and thy company have been condemned to death in his council. One more violation against our own, and all of these moon-faced people must die!

Manteo: Thy words and the words of this great council shall be heeded, oh father.

Stage lights dim. Manteo, Chief Pikawaka, the council members, exit the stage.

Scene 5

Next morning

Chapel tent inside the palisade back at the fort on Roanoke Island

Enter Manteo

Manteo: It's all done. The great spirit has blessed thee, oh congregation of England, with a second chance at life.

John White: What great accomplishment. I stagger on hearing thy blessed words! (*sighs deeply*) The relief is overwhelming.

Eleanor Dare: Hold thy breath now. Raleigh's enduring colonial effort finally has its next opportunity for life, father.

Ananias Dare: Imagine that, fellow men. *(gazes around*) We dare not throw the next effort away.

Lieutenant governor: (*smiles, raises right index finger*) Should we do so, my merry men, Raleigh's colonial charter shall perish in the furnaces of folly with us.

1st pikeman: Who is in charge of fetching a return on the investment fees of this colony, plus the promised interest?

Ananias Dare: Grenville I fear has gone a-pirating. He always was one to jump at the Queens endorsement for quick bounteous profits.

Lieutenant governor: Not a word on the specific's my way.

Ananias Dare: (*faces John White)* And what about Drake, sir?

John White: Not a word, but no doubt, being England's warrior in her battle against Spain, he too has gone a-pirating.

1st pikeman: Hmm, (*smiles, smacks)* Seems Raleigh's final hope for compensation directed back toward the colonies investors, are hinged solely on the success of this colony alone, eh? How does the ebb flow now, sir?

Ananias Dare: Based on our past up to this moment, future bodings are not very good.

Lieutenant governor: What shall the good Queen make of it, should the colony fail?

John White: There shant be any failure. I'm the governor now, and Manteo has made amends on our behalf.

Eleanor Dare: I feel an uneasy wind, father. I dreamt I walked outside beyond the palisade last night. The dream seemed so real I almost felt it truly occurred. I beheld a premonition in the sky.

John White: What premonition, my dear daughter?

Eleanor Dare: A glowing flower with a tail. It blossomed and held high above where we all art standing. According to the shepherd's handmaiden

back home, such premonitions are harbingers of terror and great misfortune yet to come. I sense an impending darkening of the sun in places throughout the earth.

John White: A milk maid's words bear no fear for me, daughter.

Eleanor Dare: A sinking sensation persists, like a ship with a hidden hole. Standing water reveals a leak, but even the knowledgeable ship craftsman can ne'er find it at times.

1st pikeman: My sinking sensation is for Raleigh. Forfeiture of the alliance's investments, made at the good Queen's promotional assistance, bodes for dark waves, my good neighbors.

Eleanor Dare: I've argued the point. Which be worse on the neck, a rough hemp noose or a headsman's sharp ax?

John White: I feel a winning gambler's elation. No time for wasteful words, bearing harbinger of deceit and dread. There be work to do, my merry men. *(nods his head)* Let us now commence, bishop.

Standing before the altar and the podium

Chief Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Yes sir. On this day of August ten, 1587, I, Leslie Mac Rath Dowlais, present this hallowed diadem in the name of God Almighty, the crown of England, the virgin queen, Elizabeth, to Manteo of Hatteras Village.

Manteo: (*steps forward, smiles)* I humbly accept the offer. 'Tis my honor and duty to assist the English as circumstances befit.

John White: Manteo, as governor of Virginia, appointed by none other than the queen herself, both the bishop and myself baptize thee in the name of the God Almighty and his son, Jesus Christ, from whom we humbly

feel ye are a true gift.

The bishop and John White dip their hands into a bucket of water gathered from the Chowan river. Both men place a handful of the water on the head of Manteo.

Chief Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Bless ye son of Croatoan and honorable son of merry England.

John White: In the name of God Almighty, bless ye.

A bronze crown studded with ruby and emerald garnished from a Spanish Galleon is brought forth upon a crimson silken pillow by the 1st pikeman and handed to John white.

John White: In the name of God almighty, the nation of England, and the virgin Queen, Elizabeth, I, John White, governor and lord of all the Virginia territory, crown ye. Manteo, son of the Croatoan hailing from Hatteras Village, Lord of Roanoke and Dasamongueponke. (*places the diadem upon the head of Manteo).*

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: May the blessings of God Almighty always go with thee, and may ye always bear the blessing of her majesty's Virginia colony in mind.

John White: In making this motion we are humbly gracious forever unto ye, for all that ye intend and have accomplished on our behalf.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: May the grace of God Almighty always go with ye Manteo, Amen and Amen.

Lights dim

Two minutes pass, lights snap back on with direct focus upon a young native nymph.

Native nymph: So the settler's chief now shepherds the helm, as these stranger's

occupy his people's renowned place. A man of peace and adoration he makes, as he welcomes in a darkenking sun with his own personal invitation. Shall we flee or should we resist what amounts to an impending invasion? At midnight he ghosts among us warn of an impending disaster, a cultural and heritage wane in the forthright advance of a thriving new nation.

Lights snap off

all on stage exit, curtains fall

Act 4

Scene 1
Tuesday, August 18, 1587

At the daub and wattle cabin on the south end of the fortress palisade . Armed guards posted on either side of the door.

Enter Ananias Dare, Manteo

Ananias Dare: How now Manteo? The night was rough around the twelfth striking.

Manteo: Sir, the fat moon held an eerie sapphire haze on it.

Ananias Dare: Indeed, all stand on high alert.

Manteo: Spanish platoons were witnessed by our scouts moving about on land, thirty miles from this spot. Our intuition is that they are aware of the colony here.

Ananias Dare: A fact of mighty few allies and being inside a sea of blood thirsty enemies is unsettling to me.

Manteo: The Croatoan rule hereabouts. This island is ours. Nobody enters without our allowance, sir, and they do so on our terms.

Ananias Dare: Thy people have been violated by mine, Manteo. The hatchet may be jettisoned momentarily, but understandably a subtle animosity exists.

Manteo: Such devices are not the way of my people, Ananias.

Ananias Dare; For a price in favors or valuable commodities, our future could be sold on a whim, I fear.

Manteo: The Croatoan are a loyal people. When we are at war our decisions are deliberated. A consensus for peace is a universal decision among us, and its final.. Long as the opposing party doesn't violate their own side of the sworn oath.

Ananias Dare: In our society a blue moon means beware, and on guard.

Manteo: Somebody arrives to take a harvest. The season to dry and fall is upon us all here yet once more. A fat blue moon signifies a full harvest.

John White: What a splendid time for living, my jolly fellows! (*lights a calabash filled with tobacco, puffs)*

Ananias Dare: Celebration for our first line on future success.

Manteo: (*lights his own calabash, puffs*) Here's to the azule-heron for good babes, my merry men! His tint unites him with that of the heavens, when a fat moon is similar in tint. Surely at least one good son is born somewhere hereabouts.

Ananias Dare: (*takes a puff from Manteo's calabash*) Here's to the raven for bad babes! Without them the earth and all of mankind, bears no Relish, secret yearning, or exhilaration!

John White: (*takes another puff*) As the saying goes down on Gobbler's Gulch back in ole Lunnon Town; here's to the swallow for no babes! The good motion of the ocean and the thrill of the kill is all that counts, when the age is splendid and prosperous. I'm certain Grenville and Drake would adamantly agree on this matter.

Virginia midwife: (*appears from the inside to the door, opens it*) Zou boo tang tin!

Manteo: Congratulations, my merry men, it's a female!

John White: (*reaches over, grabs Ananaias left arm*) Congratulations my dear son! Thy daughter is the first English child born on Virginia soil!

Virginia midwife: Ting juan moreo pekonia. Dow dang sang john, eh? Grootious rootious partaken, no.

Manteo: Surprises to the left and surprises to the right. See what the night has revealed? The cabin next door of Harvey, the lady Marjorie, has delivered a man-child, now being an hour later!

John White: More, no doubt, shall soon come. There were five women with child when our crew landed ashore. This colony shall most assuredly thrive into an overwhelming abundance!

Stage lights fade out gradually

Stage lights gradually brighten

Back at the chapel tent inside the fortress. All of the colonists congregate

Sunrise, August 19th, 1587

Wednesday

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: We have been summoned to gather here today in honor of a truly joyous occasion. Two children have been born into our expanding flock. Praise God Almighty and long live the virgin Queen!

The entire congregation: Praise God Almighty, and long live the virgin Queen! In the holy name of his son, Jesus Christ.

Male colonist: Hosanna to Raleigh's colony!

Female colonist: Hosanna on high!

2nd male colonist: Long live Raleigh!

2nd female colonist: Long live Raleigh's colony!

The entire congregation: May our prosperity be longstanding.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Longstanding life and enduring prosperity commences with new birth. New birth into a prevalent culture, combined with that of our own, most certainly engenders it's dawning unique quality.

The entire congregation: May the developing mainland culture establish its own dominant position, when this marriage of our people weds itself with the land around us upon which we now stand.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: May the babe be presented before us?

Ananias Dare: Oh blessed Bishop of Aberdeenshire, yes (*carries the babe to the Bishop in company with the mother).*

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Art thou the babe's father?

Ananias Dare: Yes, I am the babe's father, sir.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Art thou, oh woman, the babe's mother?

Eleanor Dare: Yes, oh dear Bishop, 'tis I who is the babe's mother.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: What be thy assigned name for the child?

Eleanor Dare: Her name is Virginia, Virginia Dare.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: When was this child born?

Eleanor Dare: Last night at midnight, sir.

The entire congregation: *(gasps!*) Awe!

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: A bird on the wind proclaims another birth on this night or thereabouts.

The entire congregation: (gasps!) Awe, how gracious. So let it be. So let it be!

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: May the babe be presented here before me on this Moment?

Marjorie Harvey: (*walks with babe in arms. Stands beside Eleanor. Man stands beside her)*

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Art thou the babe's mother?

Marjorie Harvey: Yes dear Bishop, 'tis me.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: An' this man be the babe's father?

Dyonis Harvey: Yes, dear Bishop. The baby's father I am.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Woman, what be thy name?

Marjorie Harvey: My name is Marjorie Harvey, sir.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Man, what be thy name?

Dyonis Harvey: My name is Dyonis Harvey, sir.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: When was this child born?

Marjorie Harvey: Last night on the first hour, sir.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: The fat blue moon signifies a full harvest. What be this man-child's name, lady?

Marjorie Harvey: This child's name be Gabriel Harvey, sir.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Very well my lady. Sir, what be thy status?

Dyonis Harvey: 2nd assistant to governor White, sir.

The entire congregation: Twice they be, from twain they leave, released into this land of abiding mystery. The day is come, the moment is done, the flock is more to balance the score. Sure as the rising sun, our moment is done.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Pass the wash bin.

Child assistant: (*brings the wash bin filled with water*)

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: What appeal have thee on part of this woman-child, lady, as the child's mother?

Eleanor Dare: That Almighty God have his way in her life, be that what e'er it may.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: (*dips a handful of water from the bin. Places the water on the baby's head*) By the divine will of Almighty God and the virgin Queen of England, I therefore christen thee, Virginia Dare, in these names twain.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: As mother of this man-child, what divine appeal have thee, Marjorie, on his behalf?

Marjorie Harvey: I beseech the heavenly throne in earnest, my dear Bishop, that his name and person in comprehension, shall endure the ages.

1st Bishop of Aberdeenshire: Very well lady. So allow thy words to stand up straight on their own. (*dips right hand into the basin. Retrieves a handful of water*) In the name of holy God in Heaven above, and the virgin Queen on earth, I christen thee, Gabriel Harvey, in these names twain.

The entire congregation: Forward we all shall march into infinity, our destiny heretofore in the hands of God and his mighty angelic company. Th'ough field and woods, across wide and deep blue seas, toward a distant horizon beyond. By thy side all shall remain steadfast, neath thy divine wing, oh Lord in Heaven above, Amen and Amen!

Stage lights gradually fade out. All exit.

Scene 2

August 22, 1587

Fernandez and his sailors finished unloading the three ships on Roanoke island. John White and his assistants walk among the supplies as they are being hauled into the fort by the colonists.

Enter 1st Pikeman

1st Pikeman: I figured six months worth. I'll inventory again. Sir.

John White: I was fearful of this. Planting time passed prior to our arrival. Supplies shall not be adequate for maintaining the one hundred seventeen until April of next year.

1st pikeman: The generosity of the Croatoan shall see us through, eh?

John white: They've been reluctant to part, especially with maize and pulse.

1st pikeman: The heat has been dreadful hereabouts, sir. The water in the creek behind us pulls back dramatically from the shore. Might this observation be part of our problem, sir?

John White: (*gazes off into space*) If it is, then the penalty for our misfigure falls upon our own shoulders.

1st pikeman: Raleigh's final efforts, alas, shan't fail sir.

John White: We simply shant allow it to, eh?

1st pikeman: Allow us to gather a consensus among the people, sir.

John White: Very well, so shall it be.

The two walk among the palisade and the fortress, among the colonists

John White: Call for meeting outside the fortress, inside the palisade area!

1st pikeman: Call for meeting of great importance. ‘Tis mandated where all must attend!

John White: Meeting in the palisade area! Mandated where all must attend! Call for meeting!

The colonist congregate outside the fortress, yet inside the palisade area

1st colonist: Shiver me timbers oh good king, have we found silk, or stumbled upon our golden blessing yet?

1st colonial woman: Our bellies knaw chief. Arrow yonder or no arrows, them poles in the palisade be damned!

2nd colonist: The ole wench be right, good king. We can choose the reason for our coffin. Might it be by arrow or lack of decent food?

Two babies cry in the distance

2nd colonial woman: Another babe born, but might it be into heaven or into the bowels of hell? A proper decision befuddles the brain!

John White: Be calm. We all comprehend thy duress. In the name of Christ our Lord, we all shall prevail in our undertakings.

Lieutenant governor: We make our address on account of our concerns. Might they be food, or lack of cloth, or even want of more drink. We wish to resolve our concerns on this day and moment. What be thy collective call?

3rd colonial man: Allow us to venture abroad and go a-huntin’!

3rd colonial woman: Allow us to do a raid upon our Virginia enemies!

4th colonial man, math teacher: Sir, I have a much more practical idea. Allow us relocation across the channel and appeal to Manteo and his clan.

Half the gathered colonists cheer bravo, yes, and the other half boo, screaming never.

John White: Well I bear no intention for giving up the call! Raleigh's colony shall thrive! Tis I who am ye governor now.

3rd colonial man: Moving in with Manteo might be O.K., but myself and many others are more for abandoning this position for the one some ten leagues northbound. The place where Grenville explored.

The crowd explodes with many yelling yes, move, and others saying no, go with Manteo.

4th colonist: Move in with Manteo? Give me death before I spend another week in this place!

5th colonists wife: Well blow me away knave! Go on leagues up river then, to find thy face slammed into the mud one morning. Us married and older people know what's best! Let us and ours do what's most practical and fit right in with Manteo on Croatoan in the village of Hatteras there.

The crowd of colonists push and shove one another, yelling, swearing, throwing punches. Many vowing to go away in one direction, and others vowing to move to Croatoan into the village of Hatteras.

4th colonial woman: Why shant ye return to merry England on our behalf, White? Neither of these solutions are valid, far as I am concerned here.

Eleanor Dare: Father, such a request does seem reasonable.

John White: I sincerely hate leaving ye and thy young child, my fair daughter. My heart will weaken with every day I am not in thy sweet company.

Ananias Dare: What shall it be sir, two months gone, plus one a gathering? Two more to return? Eh? That makes five gone and in plenty of time before next planting season.

John White: Allow us to give due consideration, although my will is slim.

Gathered colonists in unison: White, on to England! White on to England. Back to that place from whence we began. On to merry England!

The colonists break up and return into their cabins.

Inside White's cabin

Lieutenant governor: What be our best move, White?

John White: Victal rations be slim, Jubal. What be our alternatives?

Lieutenant governor: I honestly fear the colony will break apart. Such an occurrence is not part of my will.

John White: Then ye art in possession of only a single option then.

Lieutenant governor: What be that consideration?

John White: Our only option is to return. I'll place my seven assistants to man the palisade and the fortress until our return.

Lieutenant governor: Who shall stand in as governor?

John White: My son-in-law, unless ye so remain present.

Lieutenant governor: Where shall I serve best?

John White: Thy experience is tough to supersede. Ananais is still much lacking.

Lieutenant governor: Thy son-in-law means well.

John White: My son-in-law is a brick and tile building contractor. He has no experience needed here as we initiate. We need organizers and negotiators. We need people who know how to fight, should such a thing ever be needed.

Lieutenant governor: Such a situation can't be managed alone.

John White: You shall have my seven assistants.

Lieutenant governor: I want a list of names, sir.

John White: Roger Bailie, Ananias Dare, Christopher Cooper, Thomas Stephenson, John Sampson, Dyonas Harvey, Roger Prat. George Howe was a great military functional and authoritarian leader, but we are aware of his fate.

Lieutenant governor: We still retain men of arms, sir.

John White: We must always remain aware of our surroundings.

Lieutenant governor: We have that foreign ally in our ranks, I presume.

John White: Manteo shall remain at the helm of our negotiations. At present we possess no other alternatives.

Lieutenant governor: We must present our position to the people.

John White: My heart lies there not, but with my daughter and granddaughter.

Lieutenant governor: Well all are here with us now, and all are in need of assistance.

John White and the Lieutenant governor exit the house, walking among the people throughout the palisade area.

John White: (*rings a cowbell)* Call to congregate! Call to congregate! All, please gather around.

Lieutenant governor: Important news! Important information! Please gather around.

The colonist gather in the palisade area

Ist colonial man: How now? Shorter rations make a stomach gnaw!

1st colonial woman: Our children cry. Thee hath thine! Ye know of our suffering.

2nd colonial man: (*smiling*) Is it true? Are we all engaging in a great hunt outside these standing logs, master?

John Smith: An inventory has been quantified. There are supplies at present for nine months.

Gathered colonists roar and scream

John Smith: The verdict is indeed thine! What be thy choice, daughter?

Eleanor Dare: Sail on thy way, father, back to merry England. Nine months shall pass quickly. We all art in dire need of victuals!

John Smith: Doth thy choice support thy wife, son?

Ananias Dare: Surely thy return shall best serve thy daughter and thy granddaughter.

John Smith: What be the verdict of the gathered crowd?

The congregation: Forward to England, to that space we all hail from! The place of our first dream when our day is finally done. We know ye heart remains true so go do what is best, lest good Raleigh's colony be through.

John Smith: The final word is in, the verdict rendered. (*sighs, gazes toward the sea*) First light tomorrow I set sail.

Gathered crowd cheers, scatters out toward the cabins

Eleanor Dare: (*hugs John Smith's neck, weeps)* Oh father, how I dread seeing you part with us! For how long shall ye be gone?

John Smith: I should return in six months . Maybe Raleigh can arrange for a huge supply detail to return with me, once he is aware of our dire situation. The food and general supplies should hold out until April or May, and longer if more rationing is applied.

Ananias Dare: I don't know. We've been cutting back on rations ever since we arrived. We have more mouths to feed now. Children have been born. The people are near a breaking point. Honestly, six months are about all the time we have.

John Smith: Well, there be Manteo still yet, no doubt a genuine gift from heaven.

Lieutenant governor: There be God and Manteo, and hope still yet. Only one man dead. We hate to miss him, but surely we could have fared much worse.

Stage lights gradually darken, all exit the stage save one. Stage lights focus on this one

Female child: (*dressed as a pixie cherub*) Ye art leaving on a sailing ship, don't know if she'll sink or flip. I must be on my way once more again. If the sun fails to burn or I should n'er return, mind the grain and pump the butter churn, and may the hearth fires always warmly burn. Please don't cry this moment is alive, the air is clean and the grass is still yet green; darlings I shall surely return when the blue birds fly.

Oh now, I'm leaving on a sailing ship.'Tis not a pleasure cruise nor an adventure trip. Let me sing of how it breaks my heart so to have no choice but to go. Hug thy children and stir the pumpkin stew, speak friendly to thy brethren and may thy troubles be few. I'm leaving out again on a sailing ship, could be a long or a short trip. Might encounter enemies or friends, I'm leaving out on the first good east wind, don't truly know when I'll make it back to this island again.

Scene 3

August 26, 1587

Sunrise outside of Fort Raleigh. The flagship, Lion, is anchored and being packed.

Enter Simon Fernandez

Simon Fernandez: I hate vacating so quickly, but situations lie in wait, sir.

John Smith: Ye have disobeyed my direct order. These harbors are shallow and the water is brackish. Food abounds, but is more plentiful in Chesapeake. How dare thee to be so inconsiderate of our fellow brethren!

Edward Spicer: *(sighs*) Many claim England is in likeness to a prison. We all arrived upon these shores in search of liberty and a fresh prosperous life, but what on earth do we now possess? Prison? Sickness? Incessant conflict? Life in a state of enduring destitution?

Edward Stafford: These pointed logs stuck in the ground and this guard house make a fine cage for the damned, eh? With ready made guards on top of that.

Ananias Dare: In a way we all possess what we deserve. Far too many of our actions have indeed been criminal, as I must remind the congregation, and condemned criminals must always find their way into the nearest prison.

Eleanor Dare: Aye, but our crimes have fetched us worse than a prison sentence, as I am compelled to give reflection. The locals have condemned us all to death, I fear. (*turns toward Simon Fernandez*) Shame on you for not allowing us to have a second chance at life, and being obsessed with thine own gains in other mysterious places (*suddenly points out toward the sea*) yonder in a distant mist!

John White: We are where we stand. The public has made their call. I am to exit out tomorrow in the Lion with ole Fernando. It truly breaks my heart to do so. My granddaughter was only born nine days ago. What if some unforeseen misfortune should have its way? (*hangs his head*) I hold a lagging fear inside my gut.

Eleanor Dare: Feelings are same, father, but examine the light end of this tunnel we all stand in. Ye shall only be gone six months. Our stores shall endure three more. All shall be well as they are. The colony shall labor and come to much fruit during the time of thy outing.

Edward Stafford: I sense an uneasy stir among the colonists. Many Irish are among them. Protestants and Catholics do not mix well, I must say. I

observed in the stir the other day, where it was primarily the younger protestants who wished to continue on upstream as we had planned. ‘Tis mainly the catholic ones of more age who are most willing to remain firmly in place.

Eleanor Dare: I desire only what's best for my child I carry here, as are all the others with children. Children can’t move around with the wind. They, like their mothers, need security.

John White: I have no true desire to go, *(hangs his head)* but yet at the same time, no choice but to do so.

Lieutenant governor: Grant us the protocol, governor.

John White: Tomorrow morning I’m going to make my exit. Should the colony need to exit out on their own from this place, leave me a carved note around here, explaining where I could go to find them upon my return. If the colony is under duress of any type, then show this with a maltese cross. I am well aware of the Spanish possessing a letter of writ for discovering the colony, and a royal order to destroy it upon doing so. They are in possession of an idea in general, of the place where this colony is located.

Lieutenant governor: The flyboat and the fully-rigged pinnace are ours, eh?

John White: Should the worst visit, good Lord forbid, then the way out is readily available. We possess a decent sized row-boat with a sail on The Lion, should such a thing be needed whilst we are out. The two big hauling rigs are thine.

Lieutenant governor: The harbor hereabouts is certainly not the best, nay, but we’ve also witnessed worse. We have Manteo and his people who shall carry us through the difficult times. Six months, sir, shall fly by in all honesty, once our men and women busy themselves with tending to the needs of the colony and their

own families.

Eleanor Dare: (*hangs head, sobs)* Father when tomorrow morning arrives, surely thy exit shall rip my poor heart in two. The sensation certainly is one of being the best of times and the worst. The horrendous murder of George Howe truly upset myself and many more. All of the children were disturbed greatly. I only desired being here to give support to my husband and his inner need for great success. Being part of this colonial undertaking is fine, however I possess a sensation of being better off had I remained in England. I have no idea what brings me in possession of these feelings.

Stage lights dim suddenly. All exit the stage, save one. A hazy light gradually reappears, with focus directed upon a single remaining character.

Young servant maiden : *(gazing out toward the sea*)

Somewhere o'er a distant horizon,
far far away,
there lies a land I've always heard of
with nothing but sunny days.

Somewhere o'er a distant horizon,
Where hearts are forever true,
And dreams that we all dare to dream
Lead to the visions of splendor
That those grand heroes of old once knew.

Someday I'll wish upon a star,
And wake up with these gloomy blue seas far
Behind me,
Where troubles melt like snow in tar,
Far away from shabby buildings and the same old
trees;

Oh,
That's where ye shall surely find me!

Someday o'er a distant horizon,
That's where the albatross flies,
The albatross flies far beyond all gloom o'er the Seas,
So why can't thee and I?

Someday o'er a distant horizon,
We all shall finally find our gift of liberty,
In a land where angels ne'er cry,
Inside a bountiful cornucopia born from the hand of God,
Then granted in a blessing that shall thrive for all eternity down through history.

Stage lights gradually dim into darkness.Young servant maiden exits

Scene 4

At sunrise John White and Simon Fernandez board The Lion. The port closes, the anchor is drawn. The colonists gather about on the beach waving farewell.

Out on the beach as the penance returns.

Enter Lieutenant Governor

Lieutenant governor: 'Twill be a sunny August day, mind ye, an' a fair wind to go

with it.

Ananias Dare: An' The Lion already eases along on her way abroad.

Lieutenant governor: Why the anxiety mate? We retain the flyboat and the pennace. Both will service us well, should such a time for it ever arrive.

Ananias Dare: *(glares into the face of the Lieutenant)* We might be in desperate need of his leadership soon. Regardless of what may be said to criticize, he is fearless and develops detailed flexible plans on a moment's notice.

Edward Spice:(*squints toward the ship and the rising sun*) We all must learn to live with our choices. We all are here, and our most pressing task is to consider our choices well, and succeed in spite of our challenges.

Lieutenant governor: What be our most pressing task at hand, sir?

Edward Spice: To beef up our palisade defenses. For the most part we only moved into what Lane and his men left to surround his dirt fortress. The holes in our defenses are gaping, to say the least. We barely even are in possession of defenses. Let us set to labor on filling these holes and strengthening that which remains standing.

Ananias Dare: I second such an observation. The ship pulls out to sea. The penance is anchoring down the river nearby. What a fine time to busy ourselves with concerns that truly matter.

Dyonas Harvey: (*as the colonists are walking back toward the fortress*) Men! Let us set to labor on the palisade defenses. Set to sawing. Set to striking fire! Set to digging holes for the posts we shall create. These gaps demand filling and decent guard gates need constructing! Let us all set to labor. Others need to break ground so that we might plant what we have to plant. Anything is better than

nothing. Turnip ‘n collard seed will still yet grow. Pig manure or our own shall suffice for adequate fertilizer. Absolutely no time to waste!

The colonists commence laboring

Sara Prat: *(steps into the cabin*) I’ve never possessed such lacking furnishings. What on earth have we all gotten ourselves into?

Eleanor Dare: We are all here. We must make the best of our situation.

Sara Prat: I long for my oriental jewelry box back home, not to mention my jewelry. What on earth am I going to do now?

Eleanor Dare: (*snarls, narrows eyes*) Craft thy jewelry and thine own box, Sara.

Sara Prat: What from? Where be the emeralds, the ruby, and the pearls hereabouts in this place?

Eleanor Dare: Hold me back, but I beheld shells of clear white, seeds of dark crimson, and stones of dull green out on the beach, eh? Wood surrounds us!

Sara Prat: Oh, slash my throat and make me bleed, Eleanor. I’m dying to play fetch today.

Eleanor Dare: Maybe the Virginians shall be kind enough to part. They possess necklaces filled with gem-like articles, I’m sure. Thy companion just stepped inside, hello!

Marjorie Harvey: (*smiling)* All is well, what about hereabouts?

Eleanor Dare: We possess a long row to hoe, for sure.

Marjorie Harvey (*baby in arms, smiling*) I must make the best for my dear son.

Eleanor Dare: My daughter is in the crib next door. I tell thee what? We shall drop by in this home of thine, give thee assistance, and thee do the same for me, eh? Our babies can meet with one another, eh?

Marjorie Harvey: Fine with me, house mate.

Eleanor Dare: (*grabs broom and scrap cloth*) We can take this straw bundle broom and sweep the floor and knock the dust from our tables here. (*dips cloth in a wash basin)* Wipe a bit of water o'er our seats, and the place already invites improvement.

Marjorie Harvey: Wish something was around for lifting sagging spirits.

Eleanor Dare: (*grabs tin pot, opens it, takes out a handful of shredded dried leaves)* Here, the citizen of Virginia, Manteo, gave my old man some of this for doing such a thing. His people call it cassina. Works well for me. *(Places spider legged pot in fireplace, ladles water in it, drops leaves in by the heavy pinch)*

Rose Paine: Working together for the purpose of bringing each and every cabin up to standard is positive. Allow me to assist. What food be for the noon day meal?

Marjorie Harvey: A bit of dorking, a leg, a breast, a whole bird. A fish or three. Some breadcrumbs to thicken the stew. (*ladles the steaming liquid into pewter cups. Hands the cups out)*

Rose Paine: (*spots plucked bird, cuts it into pieces*) Some pulse in with this makes for a fine meal. (*drops in lentils, bird parts, bread crumbs*.)

Eleanor Dare: We have a fine six months to make the best of everything.

Marjorie Harvey: Children have so much to learn. How shall we educate them?

Eleanor Dare: We possess a few books. We have the plays, Antigone and Oedipus. We also are in possession of Aesop's Fables. Maybe a few more, if we search.

Rose Paine: Daily living is all they truly need in the way of education. There shall be a-plenty of that for children to learn.

Marjorie Harvey: My child may desire adventure abroad. Being educated shall certainly serve him well.

Ananias Dare: My child may definitely desire more options than this place here be in possession of. Getting that education is the question.

Rose Paine: Time shall reveal all details. Who knows what information and prospects may lie unspoken of in our very midst.

Marjorie Harvey: Male children may always possess an option of going out to sea. The seas can fetch wealth, eh? Men such as Drake are always in need, and come through with the goods, seems like.

Rose Paine: Aye, missy, if one might stay out of the noose!

Ananias Dare: (*walks up to the open house door)* Eleanor, the day hasn't passed and possible biligerants were seen milling around in the woods outside the palisade today.

Eleanor Dare: Maybe they were Manteo's people. Don't be so quick to pass judgment.

Ananias Dare: Half their faces were painted black, and the other half red. Around the left eye was a white ring, around the right eye was a red one. Such be a paint for war, Manteo said.

Eleanor Dare: Well the palisade is up. Is it not?

Ananias Dare: Heading there, but not yet up everywhere it needs to be.

Eleanor dare: Don't stop until it is all up, as the potential situation demands it to be. Has the wood been sawn and split for the shed? Enough needs to be there based on the same amounts needed to make it through a long cold one in Lunnon Town.

Ananias Dare: That amount figures to five chords per cabin. That amounts to six cabins for the married people, and eight cabins for the single ones. In other words seventy five cords of wood. A cord is a stack four feet wide, six feet long, and one ax handle high. A single hardwood tree three feet in diameter by forty feet tall will give us a single chord. Two men can put down a tree and cut it up into cord wood in short order. It shall have plenty of time to dry before we need it at our greatest.

Marjorie Harvey: Well ye 'uns 'ad-better set to splittin' that wood then, and soon. In two days ye shall be finished, eh?

Ananias Dare: Give us four days. I like to spread the work out when I can.

Stage lights gradually dim. All on stage exit off

Scene 5

Four months later at the Fort Raleigh

Enter Lieutenant Governor

Lieutenant governor: We've settled into a niche. Days are flowing smoothly along.

Dyanus Harvey: Turnips and collards eat rather well. So does the wood tripe, the deer cabbage, cat tails, and the tuckahoe-roots Manteo showed us how to harvest. Such demands a billy-goat's belly to

process them, however. A wild type of large root on a vine-like bush with a white flower, makes fine eating, I've learned.

Sara Prat: Manteo was kind enough to lead a patrol to gather herbs outside the palisade, collect fish, and small game.

Marjorie Harvey: One of his own slew a stag. Times are not nearly as bad as I thought they would be.

Eleanor Dare: The children are taking notice of one another. They shall be crawling about soon.

Marjorie Harvey: I'll be glad when they can eat their own food. My milk stores are runnin' low. Gabriel almost grinds to squeeze out the final drop, I must say.

Ananias Dare: Time shall pass quickly enough. Soon John shall return.

Lieutenant governor: Not soon enough, I need to impart.

Ananias Dare: Why the serious concern all of a sudden?

Lieutenant governor: Manteo's men reported spying on Spanish troops passing through the area.

Ananias Dare: How many of them were there?

Lieutenant governor: Half a legion, I was told.

Ananias Dare: What was their position?

Lieutenant governor: Eight and one half leagues south of this position is where they made landfall, so these men claimed. The Spanish are moving, heading north west from here.

Ananias Dare: So they shall miss the colony hereabouts, eh?

Dyanus Harvey: Problem is, if they should meet up with Wanchese's crowd. He shall surely betray us all.

Lieutenant governor: We have yet to hear from him in a while now.

Dyanus Harvey: He 's out there still yet, sir. That is why I fear… He's been so quiet of late.

Ananias Dare: I sense a presence in the woods at night. I feel 'em watching us from a distance. I sense the harm some unknown person intends.

Dyanus Harvey: Half a legion is a load. Some two and a half thousand men, if I be right to say so? I doubt the patrol is so great a-number. Two hundred, maybe three at best.

Lieutenant governor: A hundred is one hundred too many, especially when their orders are to eliminate us on sight.

Dyanus Harvey: May we take Manteo at his word?

Lieutenant governor: What alternative options do we have?

Outside guard: (*races into the palisade*) Alarm! Alarm! Beware! An enemy arrow is suddenly sticking in the inside of our cabin wall.

Second outside guard: (*races through palisade area around the fort, ringing a cow bell*) To arms! To arms! Enemy arrows are sticking into the cabin walls.

Women and children race hysterically into the fortress and single large cabin.

Dyanus Harvey: Spoke too soon, eh?

Ananias Dare: At least we take cover.

Arrows rain from the sky suddenly

Manteo: Secotan markings are on the arrows.

Dyanus Harvey: Wanchese's crowd, as I intimated earlier.

Ananias Dare: All, about when everything was flowing along so smoothly. What On earth shall we do now?

Lieutenant governor: Sit tight in one place. Two more months White shall return.

Ananias Dare: By mid February we should know something one way or another.

Lights gradually dim. All exit the stage area

Scene 6

Inside Fort Raleigh two months later

Enter Sara Prat

Sara Prat: I don't know how long we can hold out. We've had arrows raining in on us for the past week every night. One night it was a hail of flaming arrows. This terror is beyond any rational person's ability to cope.

Lieutenant governor: Thomas Smith was struck in the breast. So was John Burden. It appears John might go under.

Eleanor Dare: When shall my father return? The general misery is beyond our ability to cope.

Edward Spice: With this Virginian attack and the Spanish navios being sighted

recently at sea off our harbor to the south, only one best option remains if one should inquire with me.

Ananias Dare: These Virginian attacks we might be able to endure, but the forthcoming Spanish attack shall most certainly overwhelm us all.

Lieutenant governor: We must put the question to the crowd.

Edward Spice: (*strikes a cowbell. Walks along throughout the palisade area)* Shall we convene? Shall we convene? Give us thy thought.

1st pikeman: White has forgotten his promise, if he remains yet alive. Maybe the seas got him, eh?

2nd pikeman: If not the leviathan of Jonah for leading us all astray!

Edward Stafford: Aye, we pray he nor his sponsor, Raleigh, isn't on the dear Queen's beheading list for failing to give her sponsors return payment plus interest!

Lieutenant governor: Our situation is the primary concern at stake. It's the end of the sixth month. In two more months it shall be planting time. We are assaulted in our immediate station on a regular basis now. Two among our best are down. White is still yet to return, with a month to spare for unexpected circumstances.

1st colonial man: Aye mate, and I got a stout boot for his hind when he does! (*stomps his left foot. Crowd chuckles*)

Ananias Dare: But there be more, my jolly companions. A large and well armed Spanish patrol has been witnessed on land to our south. Let there be no doubt my saucy knaves, where it is us they intend to lay for.

Lieutenant governor: What will be our next move?

Married couples, women and children: (*screaming*) Move across the channel to Manteo for relief, with his people!

Young single men: Nay, up the river fifty miles to Chesapeake, as we originally planned!

Lieutenant governor: Allow us to carve the bark from this live oak tree here. We shall carve Croatoan on it. Should White arrive he'll know We are on Croatoan island. We are not under duress, so we don't need a cross on it. We shall divide. Those who want to go across the channel with Manteo and move in with his crowd, begin loading up in the penance. Those going upstream fifty miles to the spot scouted out earlier, then begin loading up the flyboat. At sunrise we shall complete our loading task, then set out on our separate ways.

Several military men begin chopping off the bark from a large live oak. Another takes a chisel and commences carving once it is off. The whole word doesn't fit, so the letters CRO are carved, since the tree wouldn't allow for them to carve the entire word into the wood. A couple of men walk over toward the palisade. One with a chisel commences carving the letters CROATOAN into a square hewn post a foot and a half in diameter..

Ananias Dare: Empty the cabins and load the supplies onto the penance! This is the boat we shall take across the channel to Croatoan island. We shall divide all remaining supplies into thirds down at the store room. Since our numbers only amount to one third, then we only take one third of the supplies in storage. The other two thirds shall go away onto the flyboat with the single men.

Edward Spicer: Ye single men who shall sail upriver to Chesapeake! Commence breaking down thy cabins. Collect any utilitarian items. Disregard any bulky non utilitarian items. Armor will be one example, the six pound swivel cannon for the wagon, another. Six pound shot are more examples. Not only are these bulky and

heavy, they take up much needed space. Once we all load, we shall be gone while the leaving is still good. I am simply not sure such considerations shall remain so for much more time.

Marjorie Harvey: Ho! Maybe once ye set up, ye ‘n the boys kin drop by for a visit, eh?

Edward Spicer: I figure we shall have three years to do so. By the fourth year the toredo-worm shall have worn the bottoms of both vessels out. I’m not certain how we shall careen the ship bottom in this place.

Marjorie Harvey: (*smiles*) Well like ye do anywhere else, mi fine fellow!

Edward Spicer: If tools and supplies be plentiful. Pitch is already almost used up. No tar, no treatment.

Marjorie Harvey: Ye had ‘em before, eh? Where they be now?

Edward Spicer: Fernandez and White gathered them all up, I figure madam. We possess no scraping tools for such that may be located.

Majorie Harvey: Aye, maybe the Virginians shall possess a decent substitute.

Edward Spicer: We may try our lot with shells and whatnot, lady, but I am not holding my breath.

Marjorie Harvey: (*glances around, smiles*) The men labor in splendid orderly fashion.

Edward Spicer: We are in possession of a fine lot for a crew. I certainly feel blessed.

Marjorie Harvey: (*smile droops*) We all hate to se ye leave so.

Edward Spicer: Manteo’s people cannot absorb us all. Besides that, Manteo’s

people can give the women and children immediate relief, whilst we men strike out to construct our future residence. Later on, once our fortress has been constructed, we shall fetch all of thine to come dwell in our company.

Marjorie Spicer: How may such a-scheme ever go a-foul?

Edward Spicer: Many ways as clouds in the sky, madam. We must take all due precautions. *(sailor loads the last basket and bag filled with goods. The last hewn log boards, turns to face Marjorie)* Well, this time has thus arrived, my fair lady. I must bid adieu. My crew awaits.

Marjorie Harvey: Fare thee well good sir. Until the next sun or moon, which ere she might be first.

Edward Spicer: Fare thee well my fair lady. (*Tips hat, turns and walks toward a small boarding plank by a narrow rowboat)*

Edward Spicer boards the flyboat, then the port is pulled firmly closed. A light gust of wind causes Marjorie Harvey's hair to dance across her face. She plods back over to where the ladies and their husbands are loading the penance.

Lights gradually dim, everybody present on stage exits, curtains fall

Act 5

Scene 1

Sunrise, ships are loaded. People pass to and fro as they eat corn bread and deer jerky. Some pause occasionally to sip cups filled with hot cassina (*black tea made from dried yaupon holly)* or to take a puff of smoke on a calabash (*clay pipe*) .

Enter Lieutenant Governor

Lieutenant governor: ‘Tis best that thee, the other ladies, and the children remain bunched up and sail together.

Eleanor Dare: Young men without companionship, do not mix well with females of any age or type.

Lieutenant governor: Besides a fifth of these saucy dogs being criminals recruited directly from the lowest of London gaols.

Eleanor Dare: The facts mentioned twain are reasons in and of themselves why I personally fear for that colony's future.

Lieutenant governor: Where stands the logic in that statement, my lady?

Eleanor Dare: Horn wearing stags can’t be contained in a cage for life.

Lieutenant governor: Aye, (*chuckles*) a proper approach seldom invites catastrophe.

Eleanor Dare: *(glares back, pauses*) Criminals are never known for taking a proper approach to any angle of consideration.

Lieutenant governor: The arch criminals are a different breed, eh? Consider Drake, and thy Raleigh’s own half brother. He ‘s condemned in Ireland, no doubt, but free as a bird on English soil.

Eleanor Dare: (*glares, sighs)* And suffers the same condemnation here, far as I am

concerned. Surely his irrational reactions and senseless behavior is what authored our present precarious situation amongst these Virginia's citizens.

Lieutenant governor:*(smiles confidently*) Extreme situations demand extreme solutions, my lady.

Eleanor Dare: Let there be no doubt where it was best that Edward Spicer's crowd break away and form their own enclosed retreat fifty miles up river at the least. My gut, however, renders fear for their future. Deep down the spirits are warning me of what disquieting fate awaits them all, and also as to the reason why.

Lieutenant governor: We all must remain focused on the light end of the tunnel we find ourselves thrust inside, my fair lady. (*spreads hands, palms up)* A sunshining day awaits us all!

Eleanor Dare: The idea was for this fort on Roanoke here to be a base for piracy anyway. Those bearing criminal intentions surely will serve the purpose best. Only their own gain haunts their minds loudest. It be a fortunate gift from God Almighty that we are hereabouts, moving in with Manteo's people on Croatoan, and they are moving away up river fifty miles or so.

Lieutenant governor: (*smiling intelligently, speaking in a low mysterious subtle rumble)* My fair lady, allow us to be true with one another. When the Spanish expeditionary patrol finally discovers the old fortress area, and the fact of it being stripped down, which direction do ye perceive them calculating as to our whereabouts?

Eleanor Dare: No ships are moored in the ocean nearby or the river up a ways.

Lieutenant governor: Precisely, yet evidence will abound where the fortress was once occupied and removed thither anon.

Eleanor Dare: I clearly see (*smiling)*

Lieutenant governor: It is reasonable for us to assume their first instincts will not be to seek out any whereabouts in the direction we are heading.

Eleanor Dare: (*smiling)* Our choice in direction is most definitely best for us. Father would have had it no other way.

Lieutenant governor: At least the men we do entertain in our presence, are from good stock. Very soon our supplies shall be aboard. No riff-raff abounds in our midst, my lady.

Eleanor Dare: Surely thou art most absent minded, I see. Six aged and ripened tender maiden peaches bear no bucks for their harvest.

Lieutenant governor: Was it not they of whom selected the six from our opposing set of comrades, for possible company?

Eleanor Dare: The older married ladies made the selections, possibly for their own company, should the company they presently keep ever fail them.

Lieutenant governor: Most certainly another murky situation in the mix we already possess, my lady..

Eleanor Dare: If the sorceress brew is ever stirred in such a direction.

Lieutenant governor: No doubt, these natives are blessed with freely practicing artisans of the dark craft.

Eleanor Dare: Between the local women and those ones available among our own, our six novice bucks might be in for a future treat.

Lieutenant governor: May the pie bake smoothly and well done.

Eleanor Dare: Our final comrade now boards. Awe now, if it be not my old rooster I spy yonder, a-pushing the spent donkey up yon loading ramp!

Lieutenant governor: *(chuckles, smiling broadly)* Allow us to now make our own way, my fair lady.The sun only sits proudly for a finite span.

Stage lights fade. Lieutenant governor and Eleanor Dare exit

Scene 2

Croatan mainland
Manteo's people wait out on the beach

Several canoes are moving to and from transport the colonists and their supplies. The passengers step out onto the beach and are assisted by the natives from Hatteras Village..

Enter 1st Pikeman

1st pikeman: *(gazing around*) Aye! A pirates cove, a pirates life, (*smiling*) days of ease with much less strife. Here we shall abide and we all shall thrive. Into the thousandth year shall we all survive.

1st colonial woman: (*hard glare, gazing around*) But ye forbear the lead and forbear the whore, then ye death and sickness shall be smaller score. We all shall dwell and labor for nourishing flavor. Our key to living shall be a primary daily chore.

2nd colonial man: I'll second that we must cohabitate peacefully.

3rd colonial man: So our fate must be what it is.

2nd pikeman: When White returns he shall readily know where to find us.

3rd pikeman: He is already aware of our fellow colonists moving up into the Chesapeake.

1st colonial man: Most certainly he shall make his way thence first, since the plan before he left was to relocate there.

Lieutenant governor: But his daughter and grandchild be-here! Our carved note was a-mentioning of Croatoan.

2nd Pikeman: Aye, and most certainly the Spanish shall sail up the river, into the Chesapeake, and discover the anchored penance. Maybe the colony with it.

1st pikeman: If the toredo worms don't eat the poor penance first.

2nd colonial man: Surely the hull can be careened somehow out there on the River bank.

2nd colonial woman: If the people don't tear the ship down for building material first.

1st pikeman: Quickly as the worms commence a-chawing.

3rd colonial woman: Aye, (*speaks in low whispers*) mi saucy vermin. My chamber maiden stirreth water inside a black iron kettle last fat moon.

1st carpenter: Oh, and what, pray tell, did she spy?

3rd colonial woman: She stirred the dark potion to the right, then towards the left. She spoke the ancient famous goad from the great oracle at Delphi.

1st carpenter: I know not of such, yet I've heard tale.

3rd colonial woman: She beheld the world all about us. Those enraged demented Virginians soon come upon us. (*eyes widen, tranced out appearance overtakes)* We all scatter!

1st carpenter: What, might I inquire, be our forthcoming end?

3rd colonial woman: Some shall perish, some shall thrive.

1st pikeman: What about our brethren of the Chesapeake?

3rd colonial woman: They anticipate the Spanish discovering the flyboat's mooring. They move upon land to deceive searchers arising up from the beach, locating the colony in clandestine position. Zigzag trenches tactfully abound, thus their position shall still remain sound.

2nd pikeman: Well my lady, do the Spanish find this colony?

3rd colonial woman: (*wide eyes, wild demeanor*) Aye, they shell the flyboat, setting it aflame! Though they search out the colony, it remains veiled from view and their search be in vain.

1st carpenter: Toward where does time walk for us all?

3rd colonial woman: In the sixteenth year thence, the colony is consumed in flame and smoke. We saw ripped and torn bodies scattered. Many arrow shafts on this date are seen sticking up from the earth and out from the walls.

Lieutenant governor: Aye! On what charge, my dear seeker of the unseen and yet to come?

3rd colonial woman: The young men's lust for women. Like sly foxes they slough along the river banks adjacent to the Virginia villages at dawn

and late evening. They move to seize bathers and laundry cleaners! These young women gratify the urges of the flesh for our brethren of the Chesapeake.

Ananias Dare: One third truly hail from the lowest in London society, fresh out the gaols. I can see this possibly.

3rd colonial woman: Aye, but wait, there be more tales to speak of. These very young Virginia maidens are ashamed, withholding this fact of their experience. Many are with child, however. When their children are born, their secrets are thus revealed!

1st pikeman: Every father's ire and terror.

3rd colonial women: When hard pressed these maidens tell their tales of woe and brutality. From thus the Virginian's rage shall ensue.

Ananias Dare: At times people never learn. This fact amazes me.

3rd colonial women: Wait, pray tell my mates! More horrors worse than these mentioned shall motivate this rage of these Virginians against our brethren. A cruel and merciless famine shall blanket this colony of Chesapeake. These same delicate maidens and sometimes even their babes, are reduced into table fare for all our brethren., a-roasted in pits as the Spanish do pork! From Thus and these violations, ensues this renewed rage of these Virginians now found in distant precincts.

Ananias Dare: (*sighs, glares around*) So what becomes of them?

3rd colonial woman: Ole King Packwok strikes, a-burning the village and mercilessly slaughtering every last one. Nothing; no ship, no colony, no palisades, save only dry bones, wood scrap, glass inside the earth and twisted fragments of rusty metal, shall remain of them. One day, she informs me, in a far distant

age, where strange accommodations surround the entire area, the ship's anchor lying in the river harbor shall be discovered, revealing truth in this unshakable tale she now spins.

Eleanor Dare: I shudder to inquire of father's return.

3rd colonial woman: Lasse', be glad ye kissed him adieu.

The colonists mill past to and fro the canoes along the beach and Hatteras Village. The Virginians amble along to and fro in their company, transporting personal items.

Eleanor Dare: (*drops her head*) We have reached the end of our sixth month abroad. A sinking sensation grips my gut. What might have transpired to stymie his passage? Was he captured by the Spanish? Surely I sense the Spanish are somehow to blame. Deep down I long to be back home.

1st pikeman: I sense we have arrived at our home. Such, and our experiences thus, may be all that we are destined to ever know.

Eleanor Dare: (*sighs deeply*) Don't speak in such encouraging tones. We all shall bide our time hither. All shall be well, though our clothing and fare differs greatly from that which we knew once. My daughter shall raise up, never knowing of any difference, as are all these other children.

2nd colonial woman: (*speaks suddenly from behind*) Unless thy father should return on the morrow, lasse'.

Eleanor Dare: (*sighs deeply*) At least I have my dear husband, come what may. Unless my father should return on the morrow.

2nd colonial woman: Should a woman ensure life in a daily wonder? What monstrous torture has she convinced herself to endure? Shall

a single day's wonderment bring what is unknown a month closer to being known? Shall an entire night of anguish move that which remains yet unknown even a week closer to reality. Shall three days of anguish and nightly toil in wonderment render even a single hour long lost in eternity, back into relevance?

1st colonial woman: Never!, cries the nymph from the meadow herb-field in yon woods.

2nd colonial woman: (*glances over toward Eleanor Dare*) So why even a moment thus spent wasting precious creative energy, my dear lady, when time neither slows, speeds, nor changes course?

Stage lights gradually fade out. All on stage now exit.

Scene 3
Hatteras Village

Thursday, sunshine, August 18, 1590

Enter Virginia Dare

Virginia Dare: (*tugs at her Eleanor Dare's worn fading dress)* Mother, what are we gonna do today?

Eleanor Dare: We have work to do. A festival is soon to occur on the outside.

Virginia Dare: What festival, Mother? (*tugs on Eleanor Dare's dress)* What festival is it?

Eleanor Dare: ‘Tis the squash and bean festival, Virginia.

Virginia Dare: How come I wear these clothes *(tugging at her hide blouse)* and ye wear thine here?

Eleanor Dare: ‘Tis all I have left to remind me of home, daughter.

Virginia Dare: Gabriel and his whole family wear clothes like mine, Mother. How come ye wear those old things?

Eleanor Dare: Daughter, we come from a far away land. We are ruled by kings and queens who live in huge fancy palaces, and are served by elves and waiting girls donned in green, pink, and red socks, and smocks with shiny golden bells on elegant taleses. This old worn out, faded dress, child, is all that I have left from that place.

Virginia Dare: Then please inform me dear mother, what on earth are we doing here?

Eleanor Dare: (*sighs*) Thy father was a building contractor, who built fancy brick structures and sold tile. He thought we could do better in life to come here.

Virginia Dare: Is this better Mother? I’ve heard so much good talk about this place, merry England.

Eleanor Dare: This isn’t what we planned. We were supposed to go to Chesapeake, but the pilot, Simon Fernandez, suddenly had other plans on the final moment. He dumps all of us out over on Roanoke island, across yon channel.

Virginia Dare: (*sighs)* I still don’t understand, mother. Why are we here?

Eleanor Dare: Our lieutenant governor and others, including thy father, decided it was best for the colony to divide. All the married people and older

people go over here with Manteo and his people, and the other, younger single people go up into Chesapeake.

Virginia Dare: Oh, (*sad look*) but father doesn't like it here.

Eleanor Dare: Thy grandfather left back to merry England for supplies. He promised to arrive in six months, but he hasn't even yet.

Virginia Dare: Why not, Mother?

Eleanor Dare: We don't know. Maybe the Spanish sank his ship. See this old notebook I discovered on board the ship the other day, daughter?

Virginia Dare: Yes Mother. Why do ye need that?

Eleanor Dare: When he does come, he'll want to know of our experiences in this place. I'm making a record of it. If I'm not around, then ye can hand it to 'im when he does arrive.

Virginia Dare: What is his name?

Eleanor Dare: John White. He 's governor of Virginia, what our people call this land.

Virginia Dare: (*sad look, sighs*) I don't want to leave, Mother. Gabriel and his mother and father are going to the dance area. *(face brightens)* I hear the drums beating now! Are ye and father going out today?

Eleanor Dare: I'll remain inside whilst thy father is away. Ye may go on with Gabriel and his parents. I'm going to write for a while and stir up some dinner in this pot on the fire.

Virginia Dare: They are a-cookin' food at the dance area mother. See outside the door? All the other English are gonna be there, Gabriel said. 'Twill be fun!

Eleanor Dare: *(smiles*) See if Gabriel's mother and father are ready to go. Go with them, if so.

Virginia Dare exists. Ananias Dare enters

Ananias Dare: Where be the girl, woman?

Eleanor Dare: Out in the dance area with Gabriel and his parents.

Ananias Dare: (*chuckles)* Children adapt so well. Only us adults struggle.

Eleanor Dare: Looks like this be home. Certainly it's all her or the others her age, have ever known.

Ananias Dare: Some of the people saw faint firelight comin' from Roanoke in the eastern distance last night. A few say they heard trumpet blasts from the same direction in the stillness of the night. One of our men claims he heard faint sounds of trumpet songs he recognized, but everybody among our own laughs at him.

Eleanor Dare: So why isn't anybody investigating this matter?

Ananias Dare: Several of Manteo's people canoe over yonder in the darkness. When they returned this morning late, they say they found fresh boot tracks where a new campfire was struck. But nothing else, other than that.

Eleanor Dare: (*excited*) Well these people here don't wear boots or play trumpets. We must take a trip ourselves to this island.

Ananias Dare: Nothing else was found. Manteo's people combed the beaches and island well overnight.

Eleanor Dare: I refuse to believe we were not left with some kind of sign. This is a

big deal. I mean, if my father could only see his three year old granddaughter now!

Ananias Dare: Well Eleanor…, these local men combed the island from end to end, side to side. Yes, they did so throughout the darkness of night, but these people can see just as well either way. I'm amazed by their adept skills and abilities to travel.

Eleanor Dare: But, indeed, they missed something!

Ananias Dare: And one more detail, dear. These people do make trumpets from large conch shells they find along the beach somewhere. I hear them sound all around in the distant woods. No, I haven't seen any such shells around in these parts. They get them from some beach somewhere, if not in trade from people who dwell in these types of places where these huge shells are found out on the beach.

Eleanor Dare: (*gazes out across the beach toward Roanank, sheds a tear*) Oh, if father could only see, the glorious beauty found today in his child and the one who was inside me. When he left this boundless land of trees, making his way across that vast surging sea, if he could only return he simply would never believe.

The way she plays and so freely roams about. Aye, the way she smiles and is so helpful around the house. See how she interacts so cheerfully in this strange land abroad, 'ere I say, indeed we all have so many friends without! Today she put on her Virginia dress. She walks about with new pride. She struts around here elegantly in our new nest! I wish he could see how splendidly all of us have passed the ultimate test.

Stage lights fade out gradually. Ananias Dare, Eleanor Dare, Virginia Dare exit

Scene 4

Saturday, April 1st, 1595
Sunny morning in Hatteras Village

The children born in the first year of the colonist's stay at Hatteras Village are out in the dance area, and are seven to eight years old. Eight year old Virginia Dare is almost always in the company of Gabriel Havey, who is the same age. The Lieutenant governor and his assistants gather around the native chieftain, his assistants, and his twelve prophets inside the tribal council building while the children play outside.

Enter Manteo

Manteo: (*faces the native elders)* Keen teek no-lay platinum. Bor you bon tay, E-too-loo-too-too! (*faces the colonists*) Greetings gentlemen. Welcome one, welcome all, here on this day of festival excellence! (*faces the native elders)* Noo-noo-prank en ta porsanium. Keen tuck poke 'em pro-tay bell-a-tessium. (*faces the colonists*) On this day we are all gathered for the purpose of planning our time and that of our future choices.

1st pikeman: How, how are they going to know of the future and how we might plan our next course of events?

Manteo: Our prophets are knowledgeable in their methodology. They know the realm of the past, the present, and that which is to come.

Ananias Dare: Sirrah, their prophets never yet are known to fail.

1st pikeman: But I am not ignorant of these matters in general, sir, I simply have yet to see.

1st prophet: (*squats, stirring in the glowing hearth coals with a hickory stick. Gazes upward squinting his eyes*) Eeny por-tu notre fantasm! Awashe! Scrashe! Bensha! (*he casts clear liquid into the flames, causing them to explode*) Koo poo loo bra hoo! Tick tang land dang boo too!

Manteo: Our prophets say the Sisspahaw traders bear gifts, tokens, and valuable secrets. They bear messages from the Chickasaw to the west.

1st pikeman: Speak to us of the these secrets Manteo! What secrets!

Manteo: He says in nine days a herald shall be given to the Chickasaw people.

1st pikeman: What type of herald, Manteo?

Manteo: A precursor to a much larger herald that shall cause the sun to darken fifteen days later.

Dyonis Harvey: (*gazes around*) Have we all commenced an embrace of rubbish here, my fellow comrades?

Ananias Dare: What is the meaning in it?

1st prophet: What if one half should disagree?

Manteo: The portend is one of a pending judgment in blood. The sun darkening orb moveth o'er nine of our most bitter enemies, then pauses where the river beyond forks at the Chesapeake. We've embraced wickedness, so therefore wickedness shall be unleashed to engulf our own.

Ananias Dare: Who are our enemies? How shall the blood be released?

Manteo: (*faces the prophets gathered around the hearthfire in the lodge*) May yong ting teen parsie bartruum?

2nd prophet: (*arises from his squat beside the fire, wild eyes, angry)* Do em pue ray

proto coto boora parsay!

Manteo: (*faces the colonists)* I asked how shall the blood be spilled and who are our enemies. The replies were that thou are the enemies of the world around us. Wanchese delivered a message by a young accolade warrior runner the day before yesterday. His message was intended for me. He says my days are finished for being both a traitor to my land and my people. When the sky shall darken o'er the land of the Chickasaw, our days are finished, unless these words of wisdom from the spirits are heeded.

1st pikeman: What shall be done? What address shall we make?

Manteo: We shall divide up. There be twelve villages among our people. These villages are scattered amongst the woods throughout the Croatoan territorial realm. All of ye are to divide up betwixt these twelve villages. He who chooses to remain here, does so at his own peril. The village of Hatteras here is the chief village or the Council Village. Each of the twelve prophets is a spiritual leader o'er a single village. All of us shall divide up and follow our assigned spiritual leader. He who decides to remain here, does so at his own jeopardy, when the final moment arrives.

Dyonis Harvey: Rubbish! I don't want to go anywhere.

Ananias Dare: We are exiting out with whoever we are assigned to. Thou art coming along with us, Dyonis. I don't care to have our poor children's hearts broken by us parting in our ways.

Dyonis Harvey: (*gazing around, snarls)* This logic around herabouts borders on the ridiculous.

Ananias Dare: I don't know how they know what they do, but most of the time they are right. I am not taking any chances with my children. Besides that, Virginia and Gabriel have begun taking instruction in

literature. I still hope to make it home one day.

3rd prophet: *(glares hard ar Dyonis Harvey and Ananias Dare)* Ninka Nika poora dorum. Nooka nooka plooka dooka!

Dyonis Harvey: (*glares at Ananias Dare*) Whence lies the direction in this?

Ananias Dare:'Tis something about us going somewhere with somebody specifically. I gather that much.

Manteo: Both of thee and thy families shall follow the prophet in league with the bear clan. The village they preside o'er is some fourteen and a half leagues northwest of this place.

Ananias Dare: Who are their competitors?

Manteo: The clan of warriors is headed by none other than Wahunsenacawh, a young but powerful buck, rising quickly in alliances and confederation. When he transitioned into the status of warrior, no man ever endured a more trying huskanaw than he. He possesses nine wives and forty five children, two thirds of which are sons. He has counted coup on more than one hundred of the enemy. He owns everything to the east, running northbound as far as the Chesapeake extends. He doesn't yet own the lands where the bear clan dominates. The Croatoan remain on negotiable terms, however.

Ananias Dare: (*sighs, gasps*) This word means this leader so described owns the land where Edward Spicer transported the others into. We have yet to hear from them, to my own astonishment.

Manteo: Our prophets maintain watch by the fires at night and by the light of the moon, and inside deep wood pools. The group of Englishmen thee speaketh of, have consorted with a number of women in the village of Pusquameck, northward near the hills by the sea. Most of this consortium is by willing negotiation between the Englishmen and the young

women in question. Some is not, however. One of these women so wronged was a squaw known far and wide for her extraordinary beauty, owned by the great warrior himself. Luckily for the English she had fallen out of favor by the chief, being also known for her great tendencies to be disloyal, especially in the face of gratuitous gain.

1st pikeman: Should we not warn them of their treachery?

Manteo: The leadership has warned them already. The young men are very rebellious and belligerent. Surely their day of retribution shall arrive, and soon.

Heavy drum beats commence outside the council lodge. Flutes play and much chanting is heard. The village citizens congregate on the outside before the centralized council lodge. The twelve prophets and the chief steps before the gathering crowd. The chief raises both hands.

Chief: Keen Sa ka noonka! Beeling sin sing mooka doonka pooley. Pooling dooley doon platoon a boo long. Nor too roo sin shoo doonka!

The gathered crowd: Cheers, whoops, speaks in a loud murmur.

Chief (*raises both hands*) crowd silences. Noonka doonka plunka bor cuaim! Neenta boolan stroble roo land. Rambo lowbo tin tinka timbo? Neenka neenka stroble! No silembo robo tuto.

The gathered crowd: *Murmurs, divides into fragments of thirty people, each group aligning with the assigned prophet. Ananias Dare and Dyonis Harvey and their families merge among the thirty behind the prophet leader of the bear clan. The English bid their goodbyes among themselves as they part and join the differing alliances among the different clans.*

Virginia Dare: (*faces Gabriel Harvey)* At least we have one another.

Gabriel Harvey: There are two other English couples and their two children. Twelve is all one clan will accept of us English people, however.

Virginia Dare: Who remains hereabouts?

Gabriel Harvey: The third pikeman, the grenadier, the second bowman, three of the swordsmen. Two married couples and their children are, I think I heard it said. The plan here is to set a trap for the coming attackers.

Virginia Dare: Is there powder and lead remaining with us?

Gabriel Harvey: None. The matchlocks have all been converted into crossbows, so father has told me. He tells me these crossbows shoot almost as well as the matchlock did, and without any of the noise.

Virginia Dare: I love our studies of literature and mathematics. I enjoy reading Chaucer's Tales of Canterbury, and Donte's Paradise Lost. I enjoy Writing in English, as does my mother.

Gabriel Harvey: Once we settle into our new home, maybe we can resume our studies.

Virginia Dare: *(smiles)* I look forward to the day.

Gabriel Harvey: I know the language of the Croatoan. I designed my own alphabet for this language based on that of Harris. Want a-see it?

Virginia Dare: Yeah! When we are finally moved into our new home with the Bear Clan.

Ananias Dare: What clan is remaining in place here?

Manteo: Clan of the Alligator. The alligator lays in wait for his prey. It may be sunny now, but the skies shall darken very soon. The winds are already

commencing to stir. We all must disperse and head out. The alliance moving in-toward our village here be a multi-village alliance hailing from Roanoke island. Many gather from the northern and southern ends of the island even as we speak. Our prophets see all and know all. The spirits never mislead.

The entire village disperses into groups of thirty led by a prophet from the village he is heading toward. The English colonists fragment into groups of twelve, with five merging into a different group. The sky darkens as the groups ease along into separate directions. Thunder rolls.

Stage lights gradually dim. Manteo, Ananias Dare, Virginia Dare, Gabriel Harvey, 1st pikeman, the chief, the gathered crowd, 2nd pikeman, 3rd prophet, 1st prophet, 2nd prophet exit stage.

Scene 5

Sunday, April 9th, 1600

Pamlico Village fifty miles northwest of Hatteras

Enter Virginia Dare, Eleanor Dare

Virginia Dare: Life here is good, mother, but I can't help but wonder. We read the Canterbury tales and the stories of Thomas Becket, and all about the Apostle Paul and his travels. Things have indeed changed, but I wonder how.

Eleanor Dare: We are lucky to be here, decently fed, alive and healthy. The village of Hatteras, from whence we made exit prior when thou wert a small child, was attacked. Everybody was slaughtered outright, including the English residing with them.

Virginia Dare: The Virginian god of war. Keraunos, reigns hereabouts. A number of the neighboring villages have been attacked. I am in fear walking toward the stream outback to do laundry.

Gabriel Harvey: Walk with me to the central dance area. The honeysuckle festival will soon be in progress. There be much to discuss with our neighbors. We all must decide where our future resides.

Virginia Dare: Sure, let's walk. We can hear the news for ourselves around here. Mother and father seem to enjoy being more around home these days.

Gabriel Harvey: They are nearing elder age. We shall be there one day.

Virginia Dare: I wonder what is happening abroad. Nobody knows anything.

Gabriel Harvey: *(whispers audibly*) I heard a rumor the other day.

Virginia Dare: What was the word?

Gabriel Harvey: An English boat was blown off course. 'Twas headed far northward, to a colony beyond. The boat crashed into the beach here, upon the sand banks out beyond.

Virginia Dare: How many aboard it?

Gabriel Harvey: Maybe forty.

Virginia Dare: So what was the word?

Gabriel Harvey: They claim more scouts were surveying the banks into the Chesapeake, not far from here.

Virginia Dare: Another colony, am I to take it?

Gabriel Harvey: (*smiles*) That's correct. Another colony is being planned, so it all appears.

Virginia Dare: Maybe grandfather shall be a part of this new effort. I can't wait to meet with him. I've heard so much about him.

Gabriel Harvey: I would like to know why he stopped searching for us. It's almost as if he simply dumped us off at the first beach he arrived at. The plan must have been to abandon us from the beginning.

Virginia Dare: Mother says she hopes he still lives at all. No word from him or the others, whatsoever.

Gabriel Harvey: Appears like it's us two, and the family we have. (*smiles, holds her left hand)*

Virginia Dare: (*glances toward Gabriel, smiles*) Here we are at the dance area. The drums are already throbbing. See the boys and girls forming couples, holding hands as we are? They are cheerful, as we should be. They and ourselves live today. Allow us all to make the best of It.

Gabriel Harvey: The faces of the seven gods of destiny on the poles roundabout, are smiling at us. Behold 'em all yonder?

Virginia Dare: (*gazes off into the distance, squinting in the rising sun*) I do see them. They do appear to smile down at us!

Natives encircle around the posts with the faces of the gods on them in the dance area. Heavy drum beats commence throbbing in perfect rhythm.

Dance leader: Nee nee twitch bee a-nee! Kin too too lou doo.

Gabriel Harvey: Girls circle to the left.

Virginia Dare: Boys circle to the right.

Gabriel Harvey: Here we go now. Here we go. Where too? Now we don't know!

Virginia Dare: I love the story the lead girl tells when she walks into the center of our circle here.

Gabriel Harvey: Of a girl and boy who meet.

Virginia Dare: But are from rival villages.

Gabriel Harvey: So their parents never approve.

Virginia Dare: (*gazes toward Gabriel Harvey)* So they elope, of course! (*as she dances to the drum beat in a circle around Gabriel)*

Gabriel Harvey: What happened in the crystal mountain waterfalls? (*dances in a circle around Virginia to the drum beats)*

Virginia Dare: (*smiling, dancing cross-armed in circles with Gabriel*) Ooh, how they embrace!

Gabriel Harvey: (*smiling, dancing cross-armed in circles*) And we all dance to give personality to the highlights in this ancient tale of woe!

Virginia Dare: Oh, how beautiful 'tis when the lead bard and dancer abruptly pause! See how beautiful her face shines in the sunlight. Behold the elegance of soft doeskin dress and many strings of glittering pearl necklaces.

Gabriel Harvey: She pauses as she sings the tale of them staying out all night in fear of going home. She also sings of how their parents forbade them to visit. The dance is commencing. The energy is growing.

Virginia Dare: (*smiles, slings her head, glares at Gabriel*) Oh, how the passion is

enduring! (*she moves to the increasing beat)*

The large kettle drums commence to rumble. The turtle shell rattles shake

Gabriel Harvey: How it rains. How the lightning flashes. How the rolling thunder rumbles.

Virginia Dare: How they both so dread the light of the rising sun. May the spirits remember this tale for all time forward. (*begins to slowly dance in a circle around the poles, in and out, with the others)*

Gabriel Harvey: (*glares backwards toward Virginia as he dances*) So, rather than travel back home where their intense passion is forever forbidden…

Virginia Dare: They both leap down the thousand foot high falls, into a clear all natural sapphire gem-pool below.

The large kettle drums rumble uncontrollably as the dancers dance in skipping circles and scream like innocent maiden spirits in distress.

Gabriel Harvey: That's a true story, so I am told. It happened to the north west of here forty miles or so away.

Virginia Dare: It's such a beautiful story, Grbriel, and the dance going with it to emphasize the sensations, the occurrences, and the passion, is utterly astonishing as it is breathtaking.

Gabriel Harvey: I hope it never fades, nor the dance.

Virginia Dare: Oh, it's not. I'm writing it all down in my mother's account of our lives after my grandfather left across the water for England.

Gabriel Harvey: That shall be most valuable to somebody one day in a far flung

future time.

Virginia Dare: Many shall long to know the truth, as I am sure they already are.

Gabriel Harvey: ‘Tis strange how we both never knew England.

Virginia Dare: We were born here, not over there.

Gabriel Harvey: Our story shall never die, Virginia.

Virginia Dare: Not if I can help it.

Gabriel Harvey: The bonfire is burning well now.

Virginia Dare: The food shall soon be on.

Gabriel Harvey: I’m hungry as a howling wolf myself.

Virginia Dare: Dancing gets one that way!

Gabriel Harvey: Let's make it there in line before the warrior acolytes commence dipping the soup!

Stage lights gradually fade out. Gabriel Harvey, Virginia Dare, and the natives, exit.

Act 6

Scene 1
March 1, 1604

Pamlico Village
Near the council lodge

Enter Scipio

Scipio; (*racing in from the surrounding woods, speaking his native tongue*) Our scout patrol bears the latest news.

Manteo: What news?What dark panther is on the prowl?

Scipio: The English village at Chesapeake was massacred.

Manteo: By Wanchese and his Roanoak alliances?

Scipio: No, by the powerful one the English know as Powhatton.

Manteo: Such be the name of his grand tribal confederacy.

Scipio: (*hangs his head*) They all were murdered to the last man. Their supplies were looted. Much booty was taken.

Manteo: On what grounds?

Scipio: Violation of the chief's young women. Even the chief's daughter was taken advantage of.

Manteo: (*puzzled expression)* Without any exchange for the carnal accommodations?

Scipio: There was an exchange in most cases, but the children resulting from these

conversations were ignored, until it became an outright burden for the village to care for. A tax beyond one's abilities to gratify. Therefore any exchange for favors was rendered by tribal council as a carnal violation.

Manteo: What about the ship these colonists sailed there in?

Scipio: The Spanish sunk that ship many years ago, not long after that colony was established. These colonists, who bore no access to female affection, attracted the ire of the Powhatton men.

Manteo: What about these women? How do they feel?

Scipio: The women are infatuated by these moon-faced men. These men throw very attractive papoose to these women in need, so they claim. Many English have taken them as wives. The men of the village view them as arrogant and very self-centered.

Manteo: This could provoke an attack. My intuition informs me that more was at stake here, however, than carnal violations.

Scipio: Starvation set in due to this long standing drought. This drought commenced some three years prior to the colony's establishment. During these final years young girls would often walk out to the stream for morning laundry, collecting berries, and fish from our wares. Often they ne'er return.

Manteo: What was made of it?

Scipio: Women who married these wicked English saw the fresh bones of young females near their cooking pots. These pots were filled with fresh meat and stolen corn. Later on this news and that which was to come, proved to be more than could be tolerated.

Manteo: My word! *(gasps*) What be the nature of these people?

Scipio: Yeah, and ye, thyself, stands at the top of a growing target list.

Manteo: I shall inform Annanias immediately.

Scipio: Dividing into small groups and merging with dominant established scattered villages was certainly best for us and these English visitors.

Manteo: I shall carry the word.

Scipio: Excellent! Happy travels.

Manteo: Good night and happy slumber.

Scipio exits

Ananias Dare: (*walks up from the dance area)* How now Manteo?

Manteo: Troubling news.

Ananias Dare: Life is difficult.

Manteo: Thy brethren in Chesapeake were all slain to the last man.

Ananias Dare: What source offered this information?

Manteo: Scipio, head scout for our tribal patrol.

Ananias Dare: Who informed him?

Manteo: Why, he was witness to the tragedy in progress, from what I could gather.

Ananias Dare: The village sorceress witnessed this event many years ago in water standing in her wash pot. Did this scout say why?

Manteo: Improprieties with the ladies among the confederation of the one thy

people know as Powhatton.

Ananias Dare: *(sighs, shakes his head*) We were all forewarned. So now it's only our scattered crowds among the Croatoan villages?

Manteo: Besides an occasional storm blown ship-full crashing upon our banks and golden shores hereabouts.

Ananias Dare: Does it happen often?

Manteo: Four have happened here since the days of thine own colony, according to our scouts. Through the years various sightings of strange bearded moon faced men have been reported as being lost in the woods. Most often, ‘twas the Spanish who were sighted, but not always.

Ananias Dare: It was a portend to the worst, I will suppose.

Manteo: To the south, outward from the place the Spanish know as San Miguel de Guadalupe, entire villages often fall dead after the passing of a single Spanish patrol. It's almost as if the spirits are angered for some reason, at the people of the land.

Ananias Dare: Yes, the Spanish have been among us for years. Their tremendous greed prevents their success.

Manteo: Shall the English learn and observe?

Ananias Dare: Time shall surely reveal all future secrets.

Manteo: Does the past portend a pleasant future thus far?

Ananias Dare: (*shrugs*) Maybe since my people hath mingled with thine, situations shall improve.

Manteo: If we all can remain alive to tell about it?

Ananias Dare: Our fragmented group lives on.

Manteo: Warriors from Roanoke allied with Wanchese, have already attacked three villages, slaughtering all they could find, especially the English. Maybe time shall reveal all secrets laying in waiting. I believe they trail me and taste my blood as much as that of the English.

Ananias Dare: The new babies born shall replace the ones of us who die. Us English are in possession of a healthy birth rate.

Manteo: A valuable possession to hold in our day.

Ananias Dare: Spells the difference between life and death.

Ananias Dare, Manteo exit stage

Scene 2

Sunrise, inside Ananias Dare's cabin

Knock at the door

Enter Virginia Dare

Virginia Dare: (*arises and opens the door)* Oh, my word! Fancy spying thee so early. What's it, my love?

Gabriel Harvey:: Where be thy parents?

Virginia Dare: Away at the sunrise dance. The Moon of Spring bears so much of vast importance to celebrate with its arrival.

Gabriel Harvey: Let us walk a bit. The central hearth outside is being prepared for a morning feast in honor of spring. We all pray for a bountiful planting time and harvest in the fall.

Virginia Dare: I'm preparing a mess of cassina in that old Spanish teapot Tintilia bought to me.

Gabriel Harvey: From where did this teapot come?

Virginia Dare: Some attack on a Spanish patrol farther inland. Her father's brother is a war chief.

Gabriel Harvey: Maybe these were the Spanish who attacked our colonial brethren earlier on, and they deserved what they got.

Virginia Dare: They deserved it. (*snickers*) This is Croatoan territory all hereabouts. Come on inside, if ye will.

Gabriel Harvey: (*steps inside)* 'Tis a fine day. The red birds are singing, the butterflies a-fluttering, the rabbits a-hoppin', a new fawn a hobblin' along, I noticed in my walk hither.

Virginia Dare: I saw some sugar pitcher's a-blooming, with that sweet smell the other day. *(smiles*) I know where a peat bog is filled with new fly traps and some great big old ones.

Gabriel Harvey: (*pauses, bites his bottom lip*) My father has some Spanish cane-ya he bought from a neighboring village where our fellow brethren are. I found a big salt lick by the creek not far from the village here.

Virginia Dare: (*puzzled look*) What does that have to do with the price of beer and wine in England?

Gabriel Harvey: (*smiles, sinks down upon his lift knee*) Will ye marry me, Virginia?

Virginia Dare: (*astonished*) Well, now! We haven't even romped, as the word hereabouts all around is for it. Most of these squaws know who can maintain their pace anywhere around by the time they are thirteen. I never cared to learn, personally. I had some offers though, fellow, let me tell ya in earnest! *(sighs, smiles*) The entire idea of the initiating motion utterly detests me, but I honestly adore the idea of children, Gabe.

Gabriel Harvey: I don't care, Virginia! (*pause, silence)* Will ye marry me mi love?

Virginia Dare: Well, I want a bowl of salt a week and a pint of El Caneya a month. Father 'll want one of the same, and so might the chief, I don't know.

Gabriel Harvey: It's on. (*smiles, happy*) I can make that!

Virginia Dare: We shall plan this thing out right. Let's walk along and talk about it first thing here.

The two commence walking toward the central congregation area in the village.

Gabriel Harvey: I want to wear my best loin cloth, my shell bead and tassel decorated deer skin shirt.

Virginia Dare: Yeah, and I'll wear my crimson and purple painted deer skin dress with the multicolored shell beads and the leather tassels hanging at the base. I have coon skin moccasins decorated with multicolored shell beads and tassels that I wear only on special occasions. I'm

wearing those as well.

Gabriel Harvey: I've worn mine here and there. Maybe my rawhide buckskin pants and the deer skin shirt would look better. What are thy feelings, my love?

Virginia Dare: Well, here at the dance area, let's have large kettle drums setting our bass rhythm. To the left we can have the girls with the turtle shell tattles. Maybe to the right we could have the smaller gourd rattles. What be thy thoughts on this matter?

Gabriel Harvey: These abandoned Spanish settlements to the south render much we have scrounged. Our warriors have discovered these instruments the Spanish call kithara. A couple of lyre and harps have been found and salvaged. Our people have been able to reproduce these kithara from sticks, rawhide strings, and gourds. I want the harps on the upside here, and these stringed instruments on the starboard side of the dance area, slightly back a bit in the distance. Oh, and I almost forgot this. (*hands Virginia a necklace of blue, white, and green beads beside polished bear claws and bored out fossilized shark teeth)*

Virginia Dare: *(accepts the necklace*) I'm so grateful, Gabriel. (*grasps his breast*) I know mother shall desire for us to have an English wedding, but this is all we really know.

Gabriel Dare: Don't look, but here comes our parents now.

Eleanor Dare: How now with ye two?

Virginia Dare: (*walks up*) Fine, and soon to be wedded. Look! (*proudly displays the necklace*)

Ananias Dare: (*smiles)* 'Tis the right thing, my dearest Virginia.

Virginia Dare: He's offering a dowry, if it be fine with ye both.

Ananias Dare: What dowry?

Virginia Dare: A bowl of salt a week and a pint of Spanish El Caneya a month.

Eleanor Dare: Save that for the chief. We do not have a fee, but he certainty shall. He shall surely value the liquor o'er the salt, I'll wager. Manteo I'm Sure, 'll be happy to address him on our behalf.

Virginia Dare: Manteo can be our best man.

Manteo: (*walks up from the cabins*) Something 's a stir. A pledge? A fee, I hear spoken of?

Marjorie Harvey: My son 's soon to be married.

Manteo: (*smiles)* Married? (*gazes around*) Aye!

Virginia Dare: Wouldst thou be so kind as to speak with the chief on our behalf.

Manteo: No problem. The chief is in now. (*walks away*)

Dyonis Harvey: Well we desire the best of meat for this wedding. We need venison, bear, and turkey. That ground up harmony corn we want served out in abundance. We can't have too much corn bread and venison gravy filled with salted roasted pecans, black walnuts, and freshly made acorn biscuits. .

Virginia Dare: Let us spare not the wood and rock tripe, ramps, the deer mustard and creek-cabbage. Beans and squash shall be excellent additions.

Marjorie Harvey: Some of the collard greens grown from the seeds we saved from The ship canteen would be fine.

Virginia Dare: Don't let us forget the citron melons grown from the seeds we found in the old ship canteen before we finally dismantled it for lumber. When cooked up in wild honey they make for some fine dessert victuals!

Dyonis Harvey: Now I know how we have turnips and beets growing in our gardens around here. All of this sure compliments the squash, corn, and these red n' speckled beans they grow 'round here. It's almost like it was all meant to be.

Manteo: (*walks up, smiling)* The chief has no problem with our ceremony. The others all desire a place for participation. His fee is a pint of liquor a month, if possible. A half bowl of fresh salt 'll work when the liquor is not possible to come by. When is this ceremony planned?

Virginia Dare: (*smiles*) Day after tomorrow.

Maneo: Allow me to notify the others. We can all get hopping on this matter. The primary barn holds an abundance of extra victuals.

Manteo, Virginia Dare, Marjorie Harvey, Dyonis Harvey, Gabriel Harvey, Ananias Dare, Eleanor Dare, exit

Scene 3

Evening two days later
The congregational area at the village center

Bonfire cracks while a huge pot cooks a soup of venison, squash, beans, corn, and onions. Several turkeys roast on spits around the large fire. Drums beat, rattles shake, stringed instruments strum. Dancers, English and native, female and male, weave in and out among the nine poles arranged in a twelve foot diameter circle with frightful faces carved into the standing end. Virginia Dare and Gabriel

Harvey are positioned in the center with their right and left wrists bound in crimson ribbon. Manteo stands on the opposite side of them. Their parents stand on the other. A pole with a frightful smiling face upon it stands proudly in the center before the couple.

Enter Gabriel Harvey

Gabriel Harvey: I've been to many a-wedding growing up around here, but surely it feels different being the center of the show.

Ananias Dare: This is a huge event. Surely it represents an inter-marriage of cultures twain.

Marjorie Harvey: Let us call it the new culture of Virginia.

Gabriel Harvey: I know very little of English marriage customs. This is all I know.

Virginia Dare: (*smiles, gazes around)* Much cassina quaffed from gourd bowls, much Spanish El Caneya, too much calabash smoke, a bit of leaf chew, hither an' tither.

Gabriel Harvey: Golden leaf chew with all thy might whilst ye sit, spit spit spit! Casina drink, cassina drink 'til the dark of night, shite, shite, shite!

Virginia Dare: Rattles on our ankles, bells upon our necks, *(smiles, winks)* a fine feast of good wine 'n fresh raw oysters honey, 'll make me wanna spread my legs!

Gabriel Harvey: Glad these bass drums are throbbing loud enough to keep our talk betwixt ourselves.

Virginia Dare: I like the fact of everybody's bells ringing in perfect rhythm with every well placed step. (*smiling, laughing)*

Gabriel Harvey: We both are tied at the wrist and huddling around this center pole.

Something about these dancers circling and dancing like this gives me an elevated sensation on the inside.

A tall woman with her face painted black, donning a hooded ankle length robe of woven rush flax walks from the circle of dancers toward the center, with both hands raised.

Virginia Dare: Silence! Here comes the head poetess. (*turns to face the poetess*)

Gabriel Harvey: (*smiling, pointing, chuckles*) Behold, the face that launched a thousand ships!

Virginia Dare: Now we know why they sailed away!

Head poetess: *(both hands raised, singing in Croatoan*) The heavy morning haze is lifting. The sun gently peeks around a distant horizon. Behold, new life commences to stir!

The Bass drums sound in a heavy pounding rhythm. Several rattles shake.

Head poetess: A rabbit hops from the bramble thicket. The geese commence to cackle and lift from the water. A fawn arises from her bed inside the thicket, ambling toward the nearest stand of water.

Several rattles shake, heavy rhythm, then softer, then heavier. Women accompany the rattles with a series of chants.

Head poetess: The fawn moves along in a passage of time, being blessed by Papa Gusso, the one and true God of The Universe.

The people chant prayers in unison while dancing in and out among the standing poles in step, as large snapping turtle shells are beaten with reeds, and ankle bells jingle with every step. Virginia Dare steps away to stand by the poetess's side. The poetess embraces her with her left arm.

Head poetess: (*raises her right hand toward heaven*) The doe's age has arrived. The most powerful, most gifted buck makes an earnest approach.

Gabriel Harvey: (*walks forward to stand beside Virginia Dare. The two wrists are bound by the crimson ribbon again*)

The rattles shake, heavy, then softly, then heavy again. The poetess walks behind the two, singing a chant in a loud screaming voice. Seven strings of snake rattles are shaken on all sides of the couple.

Head poetess: Send thy venerated guardians to accompany these two. Chief Okisko from a distant village has long sent his word. His eyes have been upon this gentle doe. Our sorceress, Chico, has foreseen it all. Now the envious rage of Okisko has been directed toward our village and the approaching buck. Grant us and our doe the fullest protection. Please stand vigilant with her, her new mate and their kind, for all time forward, oh Papa Gusso!

The base drums throb and rumble in heavy united rhythm. The rattles shake. The snapping turtle shells are beaten. The people dance and the women sing chants as they wind in and out among the standing poles.

Gabriel Harvey: Who is this Chief Okisko?

Virginia Dare: *(sighs)* I received a beautiful new dress at my doorstep a few months ago. Nobody saw who placed it there, nor was there any message, except that this chief was the most handsome man in all of Virginia. I was also told he desired me for his wife.

Gabriel Harvey: Didst thou not take this offer seriously?

Virginia Dare: No, honestly not. I heard this chief already had three wives. I'm not playing second lyre to anybody. It's only me or the nearest outgoing stream.

All music and the chanting cease

Head poetess: So now before the very eyes of Papa Gusso, these two, buck and gentle doe, are twain. May they both be prosperous and fruitful. May this knot they bind hold for life. May their spirits unite for all time forward into infinity.

The kettle bass drums rumble. The smaller drums rumble in step. The rattles shake, the dancers maintain their singing voices and their dancing steps. Virginia Dare, Gabriel Harvey, Ananias Dare, and Eleanor Dare, Marjorie Harvey, and Dyonis Harvey join in.

Head poetess exits

Stage lights gradually dim
Stage lights gradually brighten

Fifteen minutes later..

The soup is laddled from the pot. All align for a bowl full. Many people congratulate Virginia Dare and Gabriel Harvey on their new marriage.

Manteo: So what's on now after the meal time?

Gabriel Harvey: We are meeting in mother and father's cabin for our English blessing. To be truthful, I know nothing first hand of English custom, except what I have witnessed here, among our own.

Manteo: Well such would be a proper move for an English couple to make.

Gabriel Harvey: I feel more Virginian or Croatoan, than English. England is only a distant land I've heard much about and read some about from the books we keep from there. Otherwise, 'tis a stranger's realm to me.

Manteo: Honestly, after the wedding, I really do feel ye twain should relocate again. Thy parents shall understand.

Gabriel Harvey: Why? I don't understand.

Manteo: That Chief, Okisko, shall return, and soon, seeking to gratify his obsession with Virginia. Word more than likely has already made its way to him in regard to Virginia being married. He didn't take to her rejecting his gift. I have investigated the matter, and this chief is also allied with Wanchese, who has it out with both of us.

Gabriel Harvey: I hear of a town farther north called Chowanoke. This entire realm is peaceful, from what I have heard. Maybe in a couple of weeks we'll relocate there. How do ye feel?

Manteo: The village here is soon divided, for security purposes. One of the places proposed at the last council meeting was Chowanoke. The chieftain of the realm has no problems. His name is Caswella, from what I am told. One day soon Wanchese will relinquish his revenge, and all should then be well again.

Gabriel Harvey: (*glancing upward*) With the sun moving downward, we all shall retire to Virginia's parent's cabin. Ours is two cabins down. We shall soon sip wine, relax, and make loads of love. I desperately desire to possess a sensation of security, and home. Looking o'er one's shoulder and moving wears a body down. No time for building prosperity, raising children, or building anything. No time for living.

Stage lights gradually dim into darkness. Gabriel Harvey, Virginia Dare, Manteo, Ananias Dare, Marjorie Harvey exit

Scene 4

Tuesday, May 1st, 1612

Chowanoke Village

Enter Virginia Harvey

Virginia Harvey: The past two days the only sounds I've heard are picks and shovels striking the earth.

Gabriel Harvey: A foul wind sweeps many of our Virginian friends away, it seems to me.

Christopher Cooper: Wanchese's allies did attack Pamlico Village and a few others. I heard thy mother perished, Virginia, and thy father, Gabriel.

Virginia Harvey: The sorceress, Jadis, saw it all in her dark bowl of water. I want to go visit the grave of my mother one day soon. I dreamt I heard this sound of picks and shovels striking the earth all over Virginia. The numbers of fresh graves I saw were staggering.

Christopher Cooper: It appears that way among these Virginia people, for sure.

Virginia Harvey: (*sighs, wipes a tear*) Jadis told me more, Chris. She told me the English established another colony east of here by the sea. I heard so much about my own people from mother and father, I absolutely must pay them a visit.

Christopher Cooper: I haven't heard of such, if such a thing be so.

Virginia Harvey: Our two children absolutely must interact more among their own culture, if possible.

Christopher Cooper: A local scout named Tichuma, is headed out in that direction two days thence from now. His task is to catch and dry fish, then transport it back on hurdles. Usually a patrol of twelve ventures out with him. I'll mention this settlement to him. He shall bring us due word on the matter.

Virginia Harvey: I, and my husband desperately long for English company. All I've known is the culture I'm in, but deep inside I possess a longing for knowing more of my own. It seems to me there are less and less of us to go around. We split up into groups, go away from one another, then I ne'er hear anything ever again of 'em. At least I have two children, and ye are in possession of two.

Christopher Cooper: I am in possession of two young female children, as art thou. With no males of their own kind to interact among, they and their children shall be absorbed into the local population. Surely, inside the next generation, the English heritage shall Perish from this place.

Virginia Harvey: Maybe these visions of a new colony are true. Maybe we can merge with our own kind. I honestly do not know what to expect. Should I be excited, or am I destined to feel disappointed in my future revelations?

Christopher Cooper: I am up in age enough now that it really doesn't matter to me. I suppose thy grandfather and the others have forgotten all about us anyway, if they are still walking around to think about us.

Virginia Harvey: My children deserve the best. They know all about the classics, how to speak latin, about English and European history prior to the year we exited. I feel my kids are in possession of a solid education. All of the English who accompany us are as well. There is so much more for all of us to learn in regard to all that has occurred since our exit from England back in '87. We have

no news.

Christopher Cooper: What sort of exchange might be made for this new information, my fair lady?

Virginia Harvey: We know nothing of them, and they nothing of us. I hold every detail in betwixt these covers twain. (*holds up her mothers note booklet*) From day one our record has been made, first by my mother, then by my own hand.

Christopher Cooper: What sets this work apart from any others possibly made?

Virginia Harvey: There is a daily entry from the moment we exited Plymouth, to the present. Our thoughts, feelings, and daily experiences stand inside this journal. I go into great details regarding these citizens of Virginia. I describe their foods, customs, technical skills, their homes, their methods of warfare, how they plant, build, hunt and gather, cure sickness, and all dangers throughout this colony that I have encountered in my own experience. Nobody anywhere is in possession of such information. My fullest intent is that the English possess these notes, if indeed nothing else I do is accomplished. I wish to discover first hand who my own people are. I've always wondered why Manteo offered us his blessings, and Wanchese cursed us. I offer forth my own surmise in this question.

Christopher Cooper: Such be a truly noble question thou has entrusted upon thyself to answer. I hope the answer lieth upon the wind, if not at least written in sand or water somewhere.

Virginia Harvey: May every life be lived for some purpose. Allow every honest Endeavor to be fulfilled.

Christopher Cooper: May hard truth stand the test of time hence-forth.

Virginia Harvey: (*glances out toward the hearth area in the central court*) Though I was raised up inside this culture, certain customs are tough to condone with solitude and calm resolute composure.

A native's bloodied body is dragged into the central court area. Men, women, and young children of both sexes race toward this hearth to bear witness to the ceremonial proceeding. They scream, dance, and rage while four priests perform in well rehearsed ritualized movements. The head is severed from the corpse and buried inside the hot sand in the edge of the large central fire.

Christopher Cooper: Yes Virginia, the Croatoan are at war. So it goes for the slain enemy. In England, no less occurs even to the King and Queen. In our own civility child, still yet looms this terrifying ferocity of a beast beneath the surface. Allow the demon of greed or the desperate motivation of want to seize our minds, And behold the hard facts my child, the English are certainly no less brutal.

Virginia Harvey: Yes, war can become its own type of hell. I am very familiar with what happened to the Irish. My own uncle was responsible, so mother told me.

Christopher Cooper: (*gazing toward the procession in the central hearth area*) In the case of this individual, he suffers a horrible punishment. What was surmised as being a corpse, was a partially conscious body. More than likely he was caught in the very act with his own flesh and blood sister. The commotion we heard before the body was dragged down by the central hearth Area by the hair of its own head, was all of these citizens, young and old, dancing, screaming, and striking blows of one sort of another. Finally one blow rendered the poor soul unconscious. They severed the head and buried it inside the hot sand, where it shall shrink down into the size of a large peach. The body they shall burn into ash on the hearth flame, only to toss what remains of the ash into the river, wiping the

earth clear of this victim and his horrendous sin, for evermore.

Virginia Harvey: I adore this culture. Truly it is the culture of my own. Yet I disdain it at the same time.

Christopher Cooper: *(smiling, chuckling*) How is it more vile and horrendous, dear Virginia, than being hanged, drawn, eviscerated, and quartered, while still yet alive for the same crime? A missing farthing can fetch a nine year old to the gallows. A mere word deemed as seditious, can cause even him in his youth, to suffer the former.

Virginia Harvey: Where stands the measure of justice?

Christopher Cooper: (*smiling, gazing out)* And so the English arrived on these shores preaching the gospel, and putting up worship tents.

A native bearing unique tattoos walks up to Christopher and Virginia. He speaks in Croatoan, which is understood somewhat by Christopher.

Christopher Cooper: This is the great Croatoan scout, Tichuma. He informs me that indeed the English have established a colony on the shores of the Chesapeake. It's been in operation for at least five years now, he says. Hard times have befallen the colonists, he tells me.

Virginia Harvey: I find his dialect difficult to comprehend. When can he lead myself and my family out toward this new colony?

Christopher Cooper: He tells me he originated farther south, with a group known as the Tuscarora. He tells me he can exit out at first light tomorrow. The journey is only three days east from this place. He has business to attend out that way anyhow, he says.

Virginia Harvey: My husband and myself shall load our haversacks tonight. We shall be standing by the door at sunrise.

Christopher Cooper: All is well until then, he says. Aidio, my fair lady.

Virginia Harvey: Fare thee very well, sir.

Stage lights fade until out. Virginia Harvey, Christopher Cooper, and Tichuma exit

Scene 5

Three days later, midday

Jamestown Colony

Virginia Harvey, the two children, and her husband Gabriel Harvey, enter into the gates of James Fort. The soldiers stare as if amazed at her and Gabriel's appearance, as they and their children walk among the natives.

Enter Virginia Harvey

Virginia Harvey: My word, (*gazes around, grimaces*) I feel I've entered paradise lost.

Gabriel Harvey: The cabins and the place at large, appears drab and much deteriorated. Even the men at arms appear to be too much starved, impoverished, and wasted in general.

1st Armed Guard: (*glares at Virginia, smiles, sneers*) My fair lady, who art thou?

Virginia Harvey: (*serious face*) My name is Syble. She who watches in the flame and knows.

1st Armed Guard: (*smirks, sneers*) Why the dress, my lady?

Virginia Harvey: Because it's most appropriate, according to the land and the climate.

1st Armed Guard: (*sneers, glares toward Gabriel)* And who might thou be, if I may dare to ask? (*chuckles*)

Gabriel Harvey: I'm her husband, Modoc.

Virginia Harvey: Where be thy governor?

1st Armed Guard: In yonder state house. The new enterprise man, John Rolfe, may stand in his temporary stead today.

Gabriel Harvey: What, pray tell, be his profitable engagement?

1st Armed Guard: A crop referred to as tobacco. The seeds originate down in the West Indies, with tobacco being the name for the smoking pipe down there.

Gabriel Harvey: As is the name, calabash, here.

1st Armed Guard: Precisely.

Gabriel Harvey: May we visit the governor or his assistant, John Rolfe?

1st Armed Guard: I'll promptly arrange for an escort. *(two pinky fingers in mouth, whistles loudly)*

Escort: (*ragged dirty midget*, *races up from around the corner)* Sir, yes sir. At thy service sir!

1st Armed Guard: Give this woman, Syble, and her husband, Modoc, escort to the

governor's estate. Should the governor not be present on premise, then John Rolfe shall do.

Escort: (*smiles)* Good en, my fair accomplices. Follow me along.

The procession ambles through the fortress area. Ahead is a cabin with thick walls of dirt surrounding it.

Virginia Harvey: This fort house is reminiscent of Fort Lane, a ruin now that I have bore witness to earlier in life.

Escort: Not familiar with such, my lady. (*approaches the guard by the door, salutes*) Sir, the governor has visitors.

Door guard: Governor is not on premises, I fear.

Escort: Might Rolfe be in?

Door guard: He is.

Escort: Very well.

Door guard: (*faces Gabriel Harvey*) What be thy name?

Gabriel Harvey: Syble and Modoc. We can offer further explanation upon entering inside.

Door guard: Very well. One moment, please. (*steps inside for a few moments)*

Virginia Harvey: Maybe grandfather stands somewhere on these premises.

Gabriel Harvey: Maybe he is in decent health, if indeed he is. (*gazes around, sneers*) I am not getting a good premonition.

Virginia Harvey: (*gazes around, turns up her nose)* There be a foul odor about this

place. Don't these people ever wash? The river is behind us hereabouts. Don't they take morning dips, as we do? My stars and scars, for crying out loud here!

1st door guard: (*opens door*) Right this way, ladies and gentlemen.

Gabriel Harvey, Virginia Harvey, the two children, and 1st door guard, walk into the central room of the wattle and daub estate. Man awaits at the opened door.

Man waiting: Pleasure to meet ye twain. Please enter this way.

Escort exits

The three and the two children enter. Door guard closes the door and stands at attention by the door post. The two and the two children stand before a desk.

Man waiting: Please seat thyselves. (*pointing with a right open hand)* My name is John Rolfe. I am the proud owner of Varina Farms, across the river and not far from hence. We specialize in growing tobacco, rolling smoking sticks, and producing pipe tobacco. So, tell me all about thyselves! I spy some unusual aspects concerning thy personages.

Virginia Harvey: Sir, I told the guard my name was Sybil, and my husband's name was Modoc, but in reality I am the granddaughter of John White, Virginia Dare, from the fifteen eighty seven colony farther south. I am the daughter of John White's daughter Eleanor White, and her husband Ananias Dare. These two young ladies here with us are our twelve year old daughters, Aiyana, and Odina.

John Rolfe: (*clears his throat, smiles*) Tis a pleasure in meeting, but what be thy intentions here?

Virginia Harvey: First and foremost, I'm in search of my grandfather.

John Rolfe: What happened to thy parents?

Virginia Harvey: Both our parents perished in a Virginian attack, so we were informed. There be only a few of us alive to carry on our legacy.

John Rolfe: Raleigh informed me of White, before his own misfortune. White dropped by to care for his estates, from time to time. I possess no specific details regarding White.

Virginia Harvey: Did grandfather ever return for us?

John Rolfe: According to Raleigh he returned in search of the colony back in '90. My instincts inform me he perished not long afterward. Such is only a feeling deep inside, however.

Virginia Harvey: (*gasps, excited*) We were across the harbor only. On the island, Croatoan, among the people of the same name!

John Rolfe: Well, I apologize lady, but thy grandfather became entangled in England's struggle with Spain.

Gabriel Harvey: What happened with Raleigh? Did he not make another attempt to locate his own validation to ownership of the Virginia colony?

John Rolfe: (*smiles, sighs*) Raleigh was imprisoned nine years ago, my friend.

Gabriel Harvey: On what charges?

John Rolfe: Treason, and partially for failing to return profit to his investors, as a direct consequence of his eighty seven colony failing. There is nothing Raleigh or his cohorts may ever do, at this point.

Virginia Harvey: But I am here. We are here, my lord. (*gasps*) I am White's long lost granddaughter! Raleigh's validation for his success lives. *(places a crimson cloth covered journal upon his desk*)

John Rolfe: (*glances up with hard expression on face*) Explain this journal, lady.

Virginia Harvey: It's a daily log commenced by my mother, Eleanor, then carried on by me. It contains tales and accounts of the fifteen eightyseven colony, over which my grandfather presided as Governor.

John Role: (*course smile)* And who, my pretty, stood in his stead upon his exit?

Virginia Harvey: His lieutenant, sir. (*nervous pause, clears throat)* The one many call Jubal and others Jaspar.

John Rolf: (*serious hard glare. Speaks through teeth*) From what Clan does ole Jasper hale, my fair lady?

Virginia Harvey: Clan Dowlais, sir.

John Rolfe: (*clenches his lips*) I knew it! Now I know why he's condemned for Treason and being held inside the tower gaol! His true intent in his colonial effort was to create a catholic extension on foreign English territory.

Virginia Harvey: Who was creating a Catholic extension? I fear I lack comprehension.

John Rolfe: Need I say any more, my lady?

Gabriel Harvey: (*firm face*) Well sir, we were a happy combination. Daily life is so desperate, not much time remains for conflict o'er one's religious perspectives. Beside that, my wife and I were raised up 'neath the Virginia traditions.

John Rolfe: So, what be thy plans here, other than passing on this information?

Virginia Harvey: We've considered relocating among our own, for the sake of our

two children more than ourselves, sir.

John Rolfe: So let it be. (*sighs*) Life has been no picnic here at all for the past five years of our stead in this place.

Virginia Harvey: Forgive us, sir, we haven't heard.

John Rolfe: Some eighty percent of us perished due to disease and starvation. The few who survived were reduced to consuming dogs, cats, rats *(pauses, swallows hard)* and even the fresh corpses of the dead!

Gabriel Harvey: My word, sir! How horrible? No fiend of hell could have dreamed up a better torture.

John Rolfe: (*sighs, gazes hard into the eyes of Gabriel and Virginia)* Young girls sometimes ventured outside the palisade for the purpose of bathing in the river and relieving themselves.

Virginia Harvey: What of it?

John Rolfe: (*angry glare*) They mysteriously vanished!

Gabriel Harvey: And the citizens of Virginia are called savages. What wicked fiend dwells amongst thee?

John Rolfe: With the way people perish around here, we may never know. The colony hereabouts has been abandoned twice already due to the extreme circumstances. We've only recently commenced to trickle back in.

Virginia Harvey: Such be the flower in the desert, then I see.

John Rolfe: Alas, my dear friends, (*smiles broadly*) there stands a bright light behind yon hill. Tobacco may well be our saving grace. My plantation excels. Several more are cropping up. We now have a thriving trade

and many possibilities connected with it.

Gabriel Harvey: We wish to dwell amongst this place for a while. We well may relocate permanently here.

John Rolfe: Very well my friends, but thee shall assume thine own risks in the process.

Gabriel Harvey: Then so let it be. We accept our risks.

Aiyana, Odina, Gabriel Harvey, Virginia Harvey, John Rolfe, door guard, exit

Scene 6

June 3rd, 1612

Jamestown colony

Inside the wigwam

Enter Gabriel Harvey

Gabriel Harvey: I'm glad we were raised as Virginia citizens. A wigwam is much easier and more efficiently constructed than these English homes. It only took us two days to raise a structure on par with these cabins. These people may glare at us with these queer expressions on their faces, but I honestly could care less.

Virginia Harvey: The holes we dug in the sand on the beach are collecting enough fish for us. The children enjoy walking out to the beach and stacking them upon a stick.

A stir at the door of the wigwam

Gabriel Harvey: *(walks over, bends down)* How now? Who's there?

Female at door: 'Tis Sarah, the baker and the cheese maker.

Virginia Harvey: *(stands)* Fabulous! Please enter inside.

Sarah: (*stoops, enters*) Have a bit of cake 'N a bowl of snapping terrapin soup, will ya?

Gabriel Harvey: Good! Where was the terrapin found?

Sarah: On the beach, mi brethren, deep down in the sand.

Gabriel Harvey: Were there eggs lady?

Sarah: (*smiles a snaggle toothed grin)* A bait, maybe half a peck, dear sir.

Virginia Harvey: Breakfast for three!

Sarah: (*winks*) Aye, mi fine lady. With a mite of corn mush and blood beans, for several more!

Virginia Harvey: How long ye in?

Sarah: (*snaggle toothed smirk*) The past bi-year. Gates proclaimed a need fer bakers. Trip abroad paid fer. I took 'im up on 't, my lady. Both holes were Stretched sore from yars 'O hard labor inside The Cardinal's Cap 'N The Raucous Belle, 'N a mite worn fer werkin', I humbly inform ye mi lady! I wuz used to bakin' fer mi-self 'N the wenches, so I thunk I'd turn mi hand at his kind offer instead. He accepted and is well pleased, mi lady! So, here I be fer all to see. (*smiles, waves both hands from face to waist as she speaks)*

Virginia Harvey: *(slight chuckle*) What be deduced thus far?

Sarah: (*chuckles, sighs*) 'Tis a trick in the make, mi lady. I know, but the worry isn't mine. (*laughs out loud*) I'm far past feeling violated, long as the effort pays mi way 'N keeps me comfi' 'n sustained.

Virginia Harvey: *(gasps)* I'm not with it, my lady. Please forgive me.

Sarah: Thou be young, mi lady. (*eyes widened, mouth gapes)* Indeed, have ye not noticed hereabouts?

Virginia Harvey: (*gasps, hangs her head*) Please forgive me, lady.

Sarah: Sarrah, mi lady! Thar be many hungry men hereabouts, 'N few women fer them to feed amongst. (*tosses head back, laughs loudly*) Whar hath thee been all yer delicate life? Locked away in a cave? A room? Flying around on a straw broom? (*tosses back head, laughs out loudly)*

Gabriel Harvey: So thou art claiming we're standing in a buggy lane, eh? Am I not right, Sarah?

Sarah: (*smirks)* Look, down the street stand five, ten, maybe a few more, then some Virginia women. Speak, (*shrugs*) see fer thy self. Yes, there be the married vixens, but I know three sly ones amongst em who pander themselves fer an occasional hard won profit, (*pauses, gapes)* an' wid their old man's Permission! (*pauses*) imagine that fer a spell. *(eyes widened)* Yes, believe it as they walk around preaching about the bible and speaking aloud of church tithings!

Virginia Harvey: Why should we believe any of this?

Sarah: Then don't! (*shrugs, explodes into laughter*) Jest fulfilling mi Christian duty mi lady, in bein' honest. I haven't spoken any words, but Rolfe is a business man and a recent success. A man needs drink, (*winks*) aye mi lady, 'N he longs mightily fer affection. Ole Rolfe runs with these Virginia hens. Oh, don't dare be fooled mi lady, he spends his evenings lollying

round with the most esteemed stick-lickers, be the receivers Virginian or English. (*laughs out loudly*) I say, he himself falls fer the much paraded meekness and innocent displays.

Virginia Harvey: (*gasps heavily*) My word, lady! Thou speakest harshly.

Sarah: (*whispers, smiles*) Sarrah lady! The one they call Amonute that ole Rolfe flounders round with the most, I tell ye, is a young vixen amongst these Virginians. Like all the others of her kind who saunter up to the first festival bonfire at first issue, to make her chosen selection among the ripe and ready stiff shanks, likewise did she who ole Rolfe appears to favor most. Aye, so she saunters out the wilderness early one spring morn, mi lady, spying our passionate roustabouts, so young and yearning in such steamy waves of silence and secrecy.

Virginia Harvey: I was raised up among ‘em. I know the game. I chose to forebear.

Sarah: (*smiling, speaking in mysterious course whispering tones*) Aye, mi young lassie. (*pauses, grins*) The handsome Virginia vixen bore ole Smith himself a child! Such be a repressed secret round hereabouts.

Virginia Harvey: (*shrugs*) This man, Smith, was game. Then, so let it be.

Sarah: Every young buck herabouts, had their turn I tell ye! Ole Smith let her go when he came down with a heavy case of the yawls! She cured it fer ‘im wid a slurry O’ scarlet root, honey, ‘N brandy fresh off the still, mi lady.

Virginia Harvey: Was she heart broken?

Sarah: Heart broken? Why, she anticipated a forthcoming slight and had already made herself accommodation with another raucous ripe ‘n ready ramrod!

Virginia Harvey: Really? How intuitive and enterprising of this spent vixen from the Virginia wood..

Sarah: Aye, mi lady, ‘N the word enterprising is a fine one fer clarifying description. (*leans forward, whispers in a coarse tone*) She draws in a doubloon a month from her new roustabout, ‘N three a month from ole Smith himself, I tell ye! *(laughs loudly*) These she trades for El Caneya ‘N brandy by the gallon, then swaps it fer whate’er is most highly esteemed among her own nation, where she stands as the Queen ‘O aces amongst her own roused ‘n ripened raucous rods.

Virginia Harvey: My holy mother, lady, does Rolfe not know of these covert indiscretions?

Sarah: Not know? He ‘s received secret notes by the peck informing him! This young vixen, I tell ye, casts a spell with her untarnish innocent mannerisms and frolicing plays. Rolfe is beyond belief, and resolute in choosing the queen of an alien nation, amidst all of her status and wealth. Her standing by his own side assures his position of status hereabouts amongst our own, amongst these Virginians, and even courts those abroad as a result.

Virginia Harvey: She knows not of any wrong done. Such be the nature of the culture she thrives in. I was raised up in such a culture myself, and well comprehend the prevailing situation. I chose to go a different route. Some Virginians do so as well, my lady.

Sarah: (*chuckles, sighs)* What be thy craft or service, my lady? Every woman Hereabouts possess one.

Virginia Harvey: Mother and wife. My husband is a brickmaker, layer, and builder.

Sarah: (*gazes around)* Thou art judged and weighed according to the nature of thy enterprise ‘n works. (*grabs the pole supports*) This house shall not measure to the standard, my lady. Much stands to be accomplished.

Gabriel Harvey: Well, so let it be. What we have is enough for us.

Sarah: *(speaks in a course whisper*) Ye know, we ‘re at war with these Virginians

hereabouts. Seldom is much heard, yet there be a stir every now and again. Thou shalt soon find a need to blend in more. Thy home is insufficient, as art thy clothing. Thy mannerisms are much on par with these Virginians about. I've noticed thy children frolicing about as does the vixen I spoke of earlier, doing cart wheels, walking 'round half naked, cajoling with them fresh muscular raw stiff-shanks on the outside! I well know the reality here, but such be not esteemed hereabouts, mi fair doll. Allow my warnings to be final. Beware as ye tread softly thence, mi lady. Upgrade as the motion motivates.

Stage lights gradually fade out. Sarah, Gabriel Harvey, Virginia Harvey, The two children, the male and female children on the outside, exit.

Scene 7

4 days later, sunrise

In the open inside the palisade area

Enter Gabriel Harvey

Gabriel Harvey: (*casually walking)* behold this grim routine hereabouts? Cutting wood, cooking, daubing mud upon caked up walls, from morning until nightfall. When is the time for personal pleasure? Virginia culture maintains necessity at a minimum, so there's more time for personal pleasure. I honestly don't relish what I observe. I pity these wretched miserable people myself.

Virginia Harvey: *(casually walking)* I hear no drum, save a monotonous thud of some military marching drum. Everybody appears too worn for wear! Where stands any remaining energy for celebrating?

Gabriel Harvey: (*gazing around)* These people came here searching for freedom, eh our people! What freedom? We venture outside on the beach, yet these pathetic lots never even do that much.

Virginia Harvey: Virginians as well as the English, should observe where the affliction of warfare reduces them into such miserable conditions.

Gabriel Harvey: Which makes mankind greater slaves? Be it the pains of warfare, or the stresses of one's own ambitions, when all he truly needs are the basics of life?

Virginia Harvey: Most certainly the perversion of greed exacerbates the sins of ambition, often leading to warfare. Did the English not first arrive on these untarnished shores seeking golden plunder from the Spanish?

Gabriel Harvey: I was told the Spanish sought golden plunder from the citizens of La Florida and many more places.

Virginia Harvey: We were educated by my mother that the Greeks believed the world afforded more than enough, as granted forth by the supreme God of The Universe. All of mankind's needs were fully met in the distant past. Man's infection of greed caused him to create a world for himself where carnal lust pervaded by this greed could be wholly gratified, from the backs of the people around him whom he virtually imprisoned.

Gabriel Harvey: *(gazing around, sneering*) Aye, my fair lady! The sights about be living proof in that statement.

Woman approaches from inside the cabins, hard glare and grimace

Woman: (*upturned sneer)* My word woman. Ye 'n thy man dwell in that stick house yonder, I see?

Virginia Harvey: Yes, been there a bit more than a moon now.

Woman: So when ye scheming to build thy home?

Virginia Harvey: (*chuckles)* We two already have. In two days we acquired what it took thee and thine, some ninety days to accomplish. We're perfectly content to speak the truth.

Woman: (*glares up and down*) And them painted deer hides for dress? Thou art in need of English threads, rather than savage skins.

Virginia Harvey: 'Tis much too much in this Virginia heat. We shall cheerfully retain what we own.

Woman: What be thy crafts? House servant? Child nurse? Cook? Or strumpet?

Virginia Harvey: Pardon me, but I'm a wife and a mother. My husband be a brick maker 'n builder.

Woman: Judging from thy home and thy dress, neither possess any skills at anything. (*glares both up and down*) Besides that, I have yet to observe any labor from either one of ye.

Virginia Harvey: We eat. We have shelter. We have clothing. We labor enough for these items.

Woman: What about tax time coming up at the end of this year? Thou shalt owe a double tithe on that simply for possessing a land plot.

Virginia Harvey: (*shrugs*) So let it be then. We'll not owe much, as any may Kindly observe.

Woman: (*jaw drops, sighs*) But there 're laws, lady. Laws compel one to participate, rather than drop out. Half of this labor ye observe out here is

simply to pay the double tithe. Should we forebear, then the amount is doubled again, with sentencing into the local dungeon. We aren't allowed to carry weapons, since these leaders fear mutiny.

Virginia Harvey: (*gazes out beyond the palisade*) There lies a much better reality than this.

Woman: What life lady? There lies only death at the hands of vindictive savages. (*gazes outward where the children are playing)* "N thy children? Make no objection to my words, lady. Half the roustabouts surrounding her have laid hands already, and neither one knows not their own folly! (*glares firmly, gasps)* The church shall soon make summons to ye twain. (*huffs away*)

Virginia Harvey: My feelings sink. Sarah was right, was she not?

An hour later an obvious priest approaches

Priest: (*walks up, pauses*) I was asked by both the magistrate and the deacon to confront ye twain.

Gabriel Harvey: How now, sir?

Priest: I need three golden doubloons for the privilege of living here only. Also, this hut I notice ye twain dwelling inside, stands against local policy. Ye have a week to commence construction on an English lodge.

Gabriel Harvey: But we choose not to do that. We enjoy our manner of living.

Priest: There is no choice here but to pay, motivate to comply, or exit out. It be all that plain and simple. (*pauses*) And by the way, those children and thou both, find English clothing to wear, since bawdy dress is forbidden by law and punishable by fine and time in the stocks. I'll forbear on mentioning bawdy conduct. I know all about the splendor in the hedges and the pleasant carnal treats ye daughters bestow upon our young innocent sons. Make

haste, please. No time remains to waste. (*turns and walks away*)

Gabriel Harvey: (*pauses, sighs*) Once we make it back to our lodge, let us commence packing our bags.

Virginia Harvey: (*stressed)* Our daughters may not want to go, Gabe.

Gabriel Harvey: (*gazes toward the woods, pauses*) First light tomorrow, we shall commence our hike. In the end our daughters shall thank us mightily for moving back into our true home. At least our story up until this moment, shall be known by them and all time into the future. Let our fate be that of the goddess, Libertia's, unadulterated people.

Virginia Harvey: Let not false prosperity, bind us, nor any trickster's feign of security allow us to forbear our uninhibited advancement or movement. The gifts of coddlers and self-serving Fabian manipulators shall eternally be castaway in adamant rejection. Allow us and all of Lady Libertas people to speak the mighty patriot's eternal vow aloud, even to the bitter end. Henceforth onward, all of us and our kind shall live free or die, forever free.

Stage lights fade out, momentary pause. Lights suddenly pop on, with focus directed upon a single character.

Virginia sorceress: (*stirring in a spider legged cauldron*) Potion of mushroom, soup of toad, ye spirits of the east we design to goad. Virginia's citizens shall know total death. Their civilization shall be recalled as one time left. Now the English have come, their grand moment has finally been won.

In time distant brutal invaders from the far South and the far East shall usher in strange disease, and unto their children the same bondage, death, war and destruction, shall one day come with the

rising of the sun. Surely then, on that day the death angel shall move about as he pleases.

Lights fade out. Virginia sorceress exits. Curtains fall

THE END